

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

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## Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY,  
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

- 1.—CHAIR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.
- 2.—CHAIR OF FRENCH.

**A** PPLICATIONS are invited from Candidates qualified for the above positions, respectively. Salary (fixed) £1,100 per annum, and £150 allowed for travelling expenses to Sydney. Pension of £400 per annum, under certain conditions, after twenty years' service. Duties commence March 1, 1921.

Particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications (in quadruplicate), stating age and qualifications, accompanied by references and copies of not more than three testimonials, should be sent not later than Friday, October 1, 1920.

AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

Australia House,  
Strand, London, W.C.2,  
August 24, 1920.

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY,  
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.  
CHAIR OF PHYSIOLOGY.

**A** PPLICATIONS are invited from candidates qualified for the above POSITION. Salary (fixed) £1,100 per annum, and £150 allowed for travelling expenses to Sydney. Pension of £400 per annum, under certain conditions, after 20 years' service. Duties commence March 1, 1921.

Particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications (in quadruplicate), stating age and qualifications, and names of three referees should be sent not later than Saturday, October 9, 1920.

AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES

Australia House, Strand,  
London, W.C.2.  
September 7, 1920.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SCHOOL OF MINES & TECHNOLOGY,  
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**T**HE COUNCIL invites APPLICATIONS for the following APPOINTMENTS:—

- PROFESSORSHIP OF FRENCH.
- PROFESSORSHIP OF VETERINARY ANATOMY.
- PROFESSORSHIP OF PHILOSOPHY.

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Medical certificate required before appointment. Age to be stated. Applications and testimonials, all in triplicate, to be sent to undersigned by October 11. Further particulars may be obtained on application to CHALMERS, GUTHRIE & Co., LTD., 9, Idol Lane, London, E.C.3.

## Appointments Vacant

SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.  
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**T**WO ASSISTANT MASTERS are REQUIRED for the above School, one to arrive by the end of the year and one before the Spring of 1921. Candidates should be 25 to 30 years of age, unmarried and, preferably, Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, London or other recognised British University. They must hold Board of Education Certificates and/or diplomas in education. They will be required to teach in English only, but will be expected to study Chinese.

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September, 1920.

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**A** PPLICATIONS are invited for the POSITION of PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE at the above University at a salary of £750 per annum, increasing to £850.

Full particulars and forms of application obtainable by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2, by whom completed applications will be received up to September 30, 1920.

SALFORD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.  
MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Head Master: H. B. WINFIELD, B.Sc.

**R**EQUIRED, a FORM MASTER for FRENCH (throughout the School). Salary scale £180—£450. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications must be returned as soon as possible.

RICHARD MARTIN,  
Education Office, Salford. Secretary.

KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE.  
ERITH TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.

**R**EQUIRED, at once, for Day and Evening Work a temporary ASSISTANT MASTER to teach English subjects. Mathematics subsidiary. The position may be made permanent. Initial salary up to £350 per annum.

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E. SALTER DAVIES,  
September 7, 1920. Director of Education.

## Appointments Vacant

### LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**T**HERE is a VACANCY for a FULL-TIME TEACHER OF ART at the L.C.C. TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Barrett Street, Oxford Street, W.1. Candidates must have had experience in industrial design, in teaching girls between 14 and 16 years of age, and must be prepared to take an active interest in the social life of the school.

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Application forms may be obtained from the EDUCATION OFFICER (T. 1a), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary). Form must be returned by 11 a.m. on September 27, 1920.

Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,  
Clerk of the London County Council.

### NEWPORT (MON.) EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

#### MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Head Mistress: Miss M. M. HUGHES, B.A.

**S**ENIOR SCIENCE MISTRESS will be REQUIRED to commence duties in the above School at an early date. Candidates must be Graduates in Chemistry and Physics and must have had experience in teaching Science in a Secondary School. Salary according to scale. Applications, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned.

T. ARTHUR EAVES,  
Secretary and Executive Officer.

Education Offices,  
Charles Street, Newport, Mon.,  
September 9, 1920.

### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

**T**HE COUNCIL of the College invites APPLICATIONS for the POST of ASSISTANT LECTURER in MATHEMATICS, who should have special qualifications in Applied Mathematics. Commencing salary £250, increasing to £350 per annum.

Further particulars regarding the above post may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications, with testimonials (which need not be printed) must be received on or before September 25, 1920.

D. J. A. BROWN,  
Registrar.  
University College, Cardiff,  
September 1, 1920.

### PORTSMOUTH MUNICIPAL COLLEGE.

Principal: OLIVER FREEMAN, Wh.Sc., A.R.C.S., B.Sc.

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LECTURER in FRENCH, &c.	...	£350

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Application Forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be returned at once, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials.

H. E. CURTIS, Secretary.

Offices for Higher Education,  
The Municipal College, Portsmouth.

### LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**T**HERE is a VACANCY for a WHOLE-TIME ART MASTER at the L.C.C. Camden School of Art, Dalmeny Avenue, Camden Road, N., at which instruction in drawing, painting, modelling, pictorial design, industrial design, fashion drawing and embroidery will be given. Inclusive commencing salary, £225 to £315 a year, according to qualifications and experience, rising by annual increments of £15 to £330 a year, and thence by annual increments of £10 to £440 a year.

Preference will be given to candidates who have served or attempted to serve with the Forces of the Crown. Application forms may be obtained from the Education Officer (T.1), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed envelope necessary). Form must be returned by 11 a.m. on September 27, 1920. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,  
Clerk of the London County Council.

## Appointments Vacant

### COUNTY BOROUGH OF WEST HAM.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARIES. SENIOR ASSISTANT.

**A**PPPLICATIONS are invited for the POSITION of SENIOR ASSISTANT at the CANNING TOWN LIBRARY (open access "Dewey"), at a salary of £120 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to £150, with an additional £10 per annum for the possession of each of the following Library Association certificates, namely, Cataloguing, Classification, Bibliography, and Literary History.

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Applicants must not be less than 21 years of age, possess at least two of the sectional certificates of the Library Association, and have had practical experience of Public Library work.

The Council have by resolution decided that in future none but trade unionists are to be engaged for service with the Corporation.

Applications, stating age and qualifications, and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be enclosed in an envelope endorsed "Library Assistant," and reach me not later than the first post on Monday morning, September 27, 1920.

Canvassing will disqualify.

GEORGE E. HILLEARY,  
Town Clerk.  
Town Hall,  
West Ham, E.15,  
August 31, 1920.

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### GLAMORGAN TRAINING COLLEGE, BARRY.

**T**HE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of a FULL-TIME WOMAN LECTURER in MUSIC. Knowledge of Welsh essential. The commencing salary shall be not less than £250 per annum, with board residence and medical attendance during term time. The scale is at present under revision. Applications must be made on official forms which will be supplied, together with further information regarding the terms of appointment, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and must reach the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Cardiff, not later than September 29, 1920.

**T**HE CHAIR of MUSIC in the University of Dublin is now VACANT. The conditions of tenure of the Chair may be obtained by application to the REGISTRAR, Trinity College, Dublin.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD.

#### JOINT COMMITTEE FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF TUTORIAL CLASSES.

**A**PPPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR in INDUSTRIAL HISTORY and ECONOMICS for extra-mural work. A knowledge of Political Science would be an advantage. Remuneration, £300 for the Session 1920-21. Duties to commence at the beginning of October. Applications, accompanied by testimonials or references, to be in the hands of the undersigned as soon as possible, but not later than Wednesday morning, September 22.

W. M. GIBBONS,  
Joint Hon. Secretary,  
The University, Sheffield.

### CITY OF WORCESTER. SCHOOL OF ART.

**F**ULL-TIME ASSISTANT MASTER required in September. Junior Department Work principally. Must be good disciplinarian. Salary £250-£300. Applications, giving full particulars as to qualifications and teaching experience should reach me on or before September 28, 1920.

THOS. DUCKWORTH,  
Secretary for Higher Education.  
Victoria Institute, Worcester.

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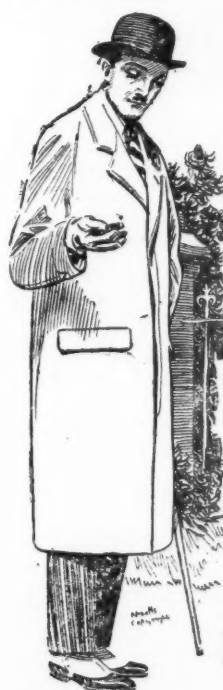
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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

## THE TRUE INTERNATIONALISM

FROM our contemporary, the *Menestrel*, we learn that, by the generosity of M. Edmond Rothschild, an *Institut de France* has been founded and endowed in London. This institution is of the same kind as the British School at Rome or at Athens; it is a place where Frenchmen who desire to pursue artistic, scientific or literary studies in London may find a home and a measure of maintenance on satisfying the committee of control that they are fit and proper persons to benefit by the endowment.

A similar French Institute is now being built in Madrid, and we understand that yet another foundation of the same kind for French students in New York is contemplated. We cannot help asking: "What is England doing?" For, though it is possible to overrate the influence of these semi-official institutions, and to expect a more immediate result from them than they are likely to show, the danger with England is that their usefulness may be completely forgotten.

It is true that our intellectual relations with France will remain close, whether a British School is established in Paris or not; but that a British School would tend to make them closer, no one can doubt. And how many Englishmen know anything of Spain? A British School at Madrid would quickly open a new world to our eyes. There should be British Schools not only in Paris and Madrid, as there are in Rome and Athens, but in Berlin, in Vienna, in Prague and in Moscow. As, day by day, it becomes more evident that a political internationalism will be for many years to come a vain mirage, the need to foster intellectual internationalism grows more urgent. If we cannot at this stage of our spiritual development love our rival nations, let us at least try to understand them.

Nothing makes more strongly for international sympathy than a lengthy sojourn in a foreign country during one's impressionable youth. No one who had in his *Wanderjahre* lived in a kindly German family could have found any hatred of the German people in his heart; and surely it needs no proof that, whatever can be done to diminish the irrational race-hatred that is bred by ignorance is a positive gain to the world. Ten years ago such a statement would have been a veritable platitude, but to-day when we receive a letter accusing THE ATHENÆUM of being Bolshevik and pro-German (strange combination!) because we advocate the offer of a chair in an English university to Dr. Einstein, it may have to be learned again. Therefore, let it be put at the lowest. Let us assume that the chief duty of every nation is to steal a march on every other. It still is true that the most economical means of doing this is to understand the mentality of the nation you propose to circumvent. Still, the most economical method of getting to understand the nations of Europe would be to establish British Schools in all the European capitals. If it were only with a view to creating a staff of competent propagandists for the next war, their establishment would be an excellent investment. For it must be remembered that the comparative facility with which a young Englishman could pass some months in a foreign country before the war is now a thing of the past. A man who depends upon his own abilities has now a hard struggle to keep himself going at any university; there is now no margin left for those vacations abroad that used to be more than half his education. If the meagre amount of intellectual internationalism which was achieved before the war is to be maintained in the future, it must be subsidized. These are the reasons why we should not lag behind our French neighbours.

## SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

### MASKS

WHEN we are children we love putting on masks to astonish our elders; there is a lordly pleasure in puzzling those harmless giants who are not in the secret. We ourselves, of course, know that it is only a disguise; and when presently we pull it off, their surprise at recognizing us is something deliciously comic. Yet, at bottom, this compulsory return to nature is a little sad; our young empiricism would like to take appearances more seriously. To an unsophisticated mind every transformation seems as credible as it is interesting: there is always danger and hope of anything. Why should people hesitate to believe something intrinsically so plausible as that Johnny should have acquired a bull's head, or that little Alice should suddenly develop a red nose and furious mustachios? That is just the sort of thing that would happen if this stupid world were only more natural; but the trouble with old people is that their minds have become stagnant, dominated as they are by precedent and prejudice; it is too much of an exertion for them to imagine anything but what they have always seen. Even when they tell us about religion, which is so full of exciting and lovely things that we know *must* be true, they seem to be trying to remember something they have read or heard of, and quite spoil the story; they don't seem to understand at all, as we do, why it all happens. They are terrible believers in substance, and can hardly lend themselves to the wayward game of experience. This after all wouldn't matter so much; it is not worth while playing with people who don't relish games. The subtlest part of the pleasure is being blindfolded on purpose and feeling lost when you know you are not lost. Empiricism would be agony if anyone was so silly as really to forget his material status and to become the sport of his passing ideas. But masks are great fun in themselves and when you are fundamentally sane it is pleasant to play the madman and to yield to the eloquence of an imagined life: and it is intolerable to have their game spoiled by some heavy-footed person who constantly reminds you of the discovered facts and will not lend himself to the spirit of your fiction, which is the deepest part of your own spirit. No one would be angry with a man for unintentionally making a mistake about a matter of fact; but if he perversely insists on spoiling your story in the telling of it, you want to kick him; and this is the reason why every philosopher and theologian is justly vexed with every other. When we are children the accident and fatality of having been born human are recent and only half welcome; we still feel a little hurt at being so arbitrarily confined to one miserable career and forced to remain always consistent; we still see the equal antecedent propriety of being anybody or anything else. Masks afford us the pleasing excitement of revising our so accidental birth-certificate and of changing places in spirit with some other changeling.

Nevertheless the game soon tires. Although children are no believers in substance, they are substances themselves without knowing it. The mask refuses to grow on to their flesh: it thwarts their rising impulses.

Play-acting is seldom worth the commitments it involves; your part, after a few enthusiastic rehearsals, turns out not really to suit you. It seemed at first to open up splendid adventures and give you a chance to display your unsuspected passions and powers; but now you begin to think your speeches ridiculous and your costume unbecoming. You must pull off the mask to see clearly and to breathe freely: you are overheard indulging in asides that are out of character, and swearing in the unvarnished vernacular; and when the performance at last is over, what a relief to fling away your wig and your false beard, and relapse into your honest self! There is no place like home, although there may be better places; and there is no face like one's own, for comfort to the wearer.

The Englishman likes to be comfortable, and he hates masks. It is pleasant to be straightforward, as it is to be clean. Mere façades offend him so much that he actually manages to build houses without them; they have creepers, they have chimneys, they have bow-windows, they have several doors, but they have no front. His Empire, too, for all its extent and complexity, presents no imposing façade to the world; it seems to elude observation and to be everywhere apologizing for its existence. Its enemies, on the contrary, both at home and abroad, are blatancy itself, always parading their heroisms and their ambitions; and one wonders how a power so hated, so hesitant, and so involuntary can last at all. But it has a certain plastic invulnerability; you pummel it and trample on it here, and its strength turns out to have lain in quite another quarter. It is like the sort of man who serves it, a pale languid youth, sprawling on cushions, and lisping a little when he cares to take his pipe out of his mouth at all; but what is your surprise when, something having happened, he gets up and knocks you down. Nothing had prepared you for that; no philosophical eloquence or resounding *coup d'état*: he is perhaps a little surprised himself at his energy. He blushes if by chance any warm gesture or expression has escaped him; he feels that it misrepresents his average sentiment; the echo of it sounds hollow in his ear, and just because it was so spontaneous he detests it as if it had been a lie. The passing grimaces of passion, the masks of life, are odious to him; yet he is quite happy to be deceived and to be masked by a thick atmosphere of convention, if only this atmosphere is temperate and sustained. He will be loyal to any nonsense that seems to justify his instincts and that has got a domestic stamp; but elaborate original lies are not in his nature; he has no histrionic gift. Intrigue requires a clear perception of the facts, an insight into other people's motives, and a power of sustained simulation; he is not clever at any of these things. Masks, wigs, cowls, and stays are too troublesome; if you are not always on the watch, the damned things will fall off. He prefers to dress his personage more constitutionally; the dyes he uses must be all indelible, such as religion and education can supply. These, with the habit of his set or profession, are his life-long make-up and his second nature; his only mask is the imperturbed expression which time and temperance have chiselled in his face.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

## THE GIRL AT NOLAN'S

HER day began early. At six o'clock Mrs. Nolan's alarm clock "went off"—as she called it—and she got up, went into Nora's room and poked and pushed her until she woke her. This done, she went back to bed.

Awakened at last the great heavy girl dragged herself out of bed with difficulty. She slept in a small, oddly-shaped room under the stairs, windowless except for two panes of glass high up near the ceiling which allowed a little light from the bar to trickle in. After the night the atmosphere was heavy and fetid and Nora regained consciousness slowly. She slept as she ate—with enormous, unfailling appetite. Her clothes lay in a shapeless heap on a chair and when, without washing face or hands, she had listlessly put them on they seemed hardly less shapeless than before. She twisted her hair into a ball at the back of her head and fastened it with a couple of thick hairpins.

Her first duty was to sweep out the hotel bar. Her brush gathered the burnt matches, the cigarette ends, the flakes of dried mud into a heap and spread the pools of spit and the splashes of porter into dark smudges on the tiles. She then washed the counter and the floor.

After the bar was finished there were piles of glasses and crockery to be washed. She washed them in water which was never quite hot enough and which seemed to grow greasy at once and she dried them with a cloth that was never quite clean or quite dry. Then there were bed-room slops to be emptied, floors to be scrubbed, stairs to be scrubbed. A bucket of greasy water and a grey cloth seemed to be part of her, she was futilely engaged all day with their help in making dirty things a little less dirty but never quite clean. When you went upstairs her bucket was sure to be standing on a step, if you went into your bed-room she would sidle out, a wet rag in her hand. Instinctively you recoiled from her, instinctively you avoided looking at a thing so empty of interest, so grey, so greasy, so clumsy and uninviting.

No one, however, was unkind to her. It was true that she was a workhouse child, but her parents had been poor, respectable people who had been swept away by fever leaving her entirely alone in the world. Mrs. Nolan was kind to her in a careless way. Nora worked hard and if she ate largely she wasn't grudging immense helpings of bacon and cabbage. Her unattractiveness was actually an asset. "I'd rather have an ugly gamawk of a girl like Nora," Mrs. Nolan was heard to say, "than one of those flighty lasses that you'd never know what they'd be up to and the men in the bar would be coddling and going on with."

Certainly no man who visited the hotel bar ever wasted his time in coddling Nora. Miss Liston who presided over that department of the hotel provided sufficient interest and charm. She was far from being flighty, on the contrary she was most respectable and very pretty, and always very well dressed. The customers called her "Miss Liston" and it was only one or two older men, friends of her father, who ventured to call her "Annie." She had a gift of smart repartee and sharp, rather cruel humour which won her a large crowd of respectful admirers. From

time to time during the evening Nora would pass in and out of the bar to fetch clean glasses or to wipe the counter. Her presence was entirely unnoticed and the talk and laughter continued without interruption.

And then one evening Mrs. Nolan heard a sound of sobbing and went into Nora's room and found her lying on her bed crying.

"What's the matter? What is it in the name of God?"

Nora lifted her head.

"Holy Mother of God," said Mrs. Nolan, "what's happened to your hair?"

The story came out gradually. She had been walking with a soldier and the lads had caught her and cut her hair as a punishment.

Mrs. Nolan's political views were not strong.

"Bringing disgrace on the Hotel like this," was all she said. "You weren't much to look at before but you're a fright altogether now. Wait till I tell Francey."

Her husband was indignant at the outrage.

"A quiet girl like Nora, they had no right to do the like of it. Why shouldn't she walk with a soldier? 'Tis the first boy I ever heard of her going out with." And then he added, thoughtfully, "Them English must have a queer taste in women to say they'd go with Nora."

"Sure don't you know there's not a decent girl in the town will be seen with one of them?" his wife retorted.

"That's true. Wait till I tell it in the bar!"

The men in the bar were a little slow in seeing the joke. Many of them were quite unconscious of Nora's existence. "What girl? . . . a lumpy girl? . . . I don't ever remember seeing her . . ." Finally, Miss Liston interposed, "I'll show her to you," she said and summoned Nora to the bar in her sharpest tone.

Seeing her before them, cropped head and all, the joke broke on the bar with irresistible force. That *that* should have an English Tommy for her boy! They took their tone from Miss Liston, they were merciless, there was a fusilade of questions, of innuendoes.

Nora said little in explanation or defence, but gradually the truth came out. It had been under the trees up Church Lane, his arm had been round her . . . he might have kissed her, she wouldn't be sure . . . the lads jumped over the hedge, the soldier ran away . . . they had their faces blacked, she wouldn't know them again . . . she knew the soldier well, she had been meeting him for the past month, ever since the soldiers had been quartered in the Court-house.

The little town seethed with the story. It was the first occurrence of the kind in the neighbourhood. Every evening now the bar was crowded and strangers to the town were invited by their friends to "have a drink at Nolan's and see the girl who had her hair bobbed for walking with a soldier." Men who had never noticed Nora before looked at her now; for all her lumpishness there must, after all, be some attraction in her, her size in itself might be the allurements and they spoke to her and tried to draw her out, spoke to her not always quite respectfully, not, for instance, as



they were accustomed to speak to Miss Liston, but then you could venture to be a little broad with a soldier's girl and one who had been roughly handled into the bargain.

To all this Nora responded but little. Sometimes, at some especially daring sally, a great smile would spread over her red face but generally it remained as expressionless as ever.

But a week later, just after she had gone to bed, Annie Liston came to her room seeking a pair of scissors. They couldn't be found easily and Nora, lying in bed, in a sleepy voice directed her to look here and there. Annie gave a sharp exclamation.

"Well, I declare to goodness!"

"Have you found them?"

"I have not. I've found something else."

She had pulled out an old cardboard box from under a pile of clothes. The scissors were in it. The box was full of dirty hair.

"What on earth is this?"

Nora didn't answer. She stared dumbly at Annie.

"You told the men in the bar that the lads carried off your hair. Was it a lie? . . . Why did you bring it up here? . . . Who cut your hair? . . . I believe you cut it yourself! Was it all a story you made up?"

No answer from the bed.

"I'll go find Mrs. Nolan. This will be a great tale for them all."

The heavy body raised itself.

"Don't, Annie, don't for the love of God. Look, if you do I'll kill myself. I declare to God I will! I'll throw myself in the river."

"What are you talking about?"

"I will, I will, I'll drown myself."

"You're mad."

"Leave me alone, can't you," Nora sobbed. "Where was the harm in it, it was my own hair."

"And was there no soldier in it at all? Will you answer me, Nora? Was it all a make-up?"

"It was."

"But why? Why in the name of goodness would you put out that story of yourself and cut off your hair as well?"

"'Tis easy for you to talk. There's men always after you and boys killing each other to take you to the pictures. Not a one ever looked at me, and Mrs. Nolan going on saying 'twas a mercy I was such a fright the way I'd have nothing to take my mind from my work."

Annie burst into a scream of laughter.

"So you wanted a man for yourself and to prove the truth of the tale cut off your hair! Well, I never heard the like of it. And, anyway, I'd rather have the men not see me at all than have them joking and jeering the way they are at yourself."

But Nora's face took on a queer expression half of embarrassment, half of triumph.

"They're doing more than laugh at me?"

"What do you mean?"

The big girl was confused. She didn't answer at once.

"'Tis Mossy," she said at last. "Mossy Burke. In the passage behind the bar. He gave me a squeeze."

"That fella!"

"He's going to meet me one of these evenings and take me for a walk."

"I wouldn't doubt him. Listen here, Nora. Let you have nothing to do with Mossy. Don't we all know the sort he is? Look at the way he treated the McCarthy girl. She had to leave the town."

"He's years coming to the bar and he never before looked at me."

"Do you mean you *like* to have him after you?"

Nora made no answer but turned away and buried her cropped tousled head in the pillow. Annie stared at her silently, her shallow laughter suddenly quenched. Was it possible that this uncouth, ugly creature craved—like herself—for admiration and love? And, if so, wasn't the worst that Mossy Burke and his sort could do to her better than nothing, better than utter blankness, better than an eternal attachment to her bucket and her greasy rag? A wave of pity swept over her.

"God help us all," she muttered, and to her astonishment found she had knelt by the bed and caught and clasped Nora's red, work-deformed hand.

LENNOX ROBINSON.

## Poetry THE FENS

Wandering by the river's edge,  
I love to rustle through the sedge  
And through the woods of reed to tear  
Almost as high as bushes are.  
Yet, turning quick with shudder chill,  
As danger ever does from ill,  
Fear's moment ague quakes the blood,  
While plop the snake coils in the flood  
And, hissing with a forked tongue,  
Across the river winds along.  
In coat of orange, green, and blue  
Now on a willow branch I view,  
Grey waving to the sunny gleam,  
Kingfishers watch the ripple stream  
For little fish that nimble bye  
And in the gravel shallows lie.

Eddies run before the boats,  
Gurgling where the fisher floats,  
Who takes advantage of the gale  
And hoists his handkerchief for sail  
On osier twigs that form a mast—  
While idly lies, nor wanted more,  
The sprit that pushed him on before.

There's not a hill in all the view,  
Save that a forked cloud or two  
Upon the verge of distance lies  
And into mountains cheats the eyes.  
And as to trees the willows wear  
Lopped heads as high as bushes are:  
Some taller things the distance shrouds  
That may be trees or stacks or clouds  
Or may be nothing; still they wear  
A semblance where there's nought to spare.  
Among the tawny tasselled reed  
The ducks and ducklings float and feed.  
With head oft dabbling in the flood  
They fish all day the weedy mud,  
And tumbler-like are bobbing there,  
Heels topsy-turvy in the air.  
The geese in troops come droving up,  
Nibble the weeds, and take a sup;

And, closely puzzled to agree,  
Chatter like gossips over tea.  
The gander with his scarlet nose  
When strife's at height will interpose ;  
And, stretching neck to that and this,  
With now a mutter, now a hiss,  
A nibble at the feathers too,  
A sort of "pray be quiet do,"  
And turning as the matter mends,  
He stills them into mutual friends ;  
Then in a sort of triumph sings  
And throws the water o'er his wings.

Ah, could I see a spinney nigh,  
A puddock riding in the sky  
Above the oaks with easy sail  
On stilly wings and forked tail,  
Or meet a heath of furze in flower,  
I might enjoy a quiet hour,  
Sit down at rest, and walk at ease,  
And find a many things to please.  
But here my fancy's moods admire  
The naked levels till they tire,  
Nor e'en a molehill cushion meet  
To rest on when I want a seat.

Here's little save the river scene  
And grounds of oats in rustling green  
And crowded growth of wheat and beans,  
That with the hope of plenty leans  
And cheers the farmer's gazing brow,  
Who lives and triumphs in the plough—  
One sometimes meets a pleasant sward  
Of swarthy grass ; and, quickly marred,  
The plough soon turns it into brown,  
And, when again one rambles down  
The path, small hillocks burning lie  
And smoke beneath a burning sky.  
Green paddocks have but little charms  
With gain the merchandise of farms ;  
And, muse and marvel where we may,  
Gain mars the landscape every day—  
The meadow grass turned up and copt,  
The trees to stumpy dotterels lopt,  
The hearth with fuel to supply  
For rest to smoke and chatter bye ;  
Giving the joy of home delights,  
The warmest mirth on coldest nights.  
And so for gain, that joy's repay,  
Change cheats the landscape every day,  
Nor tree nor bush about it grows  
That from the hatchet can repose,  
And the horizon stooping smiles  
O'er treeless fens of many miles.  
Spring comes and goes and comes again  
And all is nakedness and fen.

*An unpublished poem by JOHN CLARE.*

### THE CHERRY TREE

The cherry tree weeps gold,  
The cherry tree weeps red,  
What will he do when all his tears,  
His precious tears, are shed ?  
He'll stand and wait for spring,  
He'll watch the snowflakes pass,  
His naked body slight and bare  
Will shiver like the grass.  
But when the spring is come  
He'll tremble into flower,  
And on the path and on the lawn  
Again his tears he'll shower.

FREDEGOND SHOVE.

## REVIEWS

### A ROMAN FARRAGO

PHÆDRI FABULÆ ÆSOPIÆ. Recognovit J. P. Postgate. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. Paper, 4s. 6d. net; cloth, 5s. net.)  
LUCILIUS AND HORACE: A STUDY IN THE CLASSICAL THEORY OF IMITATION. By George Converse Fiske. University of Wisconsin Studies. (Madison, Wis., the University. \$2.50.)  
LE SATIRE DI A. PERSIO FLACCO. Illustrate con note italiane da Felice Ramorino. Second Edition. (Turin, Giovanni Chiantore. 6 lire.)

DR. POSTGATE is a scholar, learned, exact and cautious. He is also a cunning artist who can make a catalogue of manuscripts amusing. He is the first Englishman since Bentley to edit Phædrus, and he was induced to do so by his reverence for that great master, by "a sort of patriotic ardour," and then by the memory of Walter Headlam, "viri ut inlustris in Græcis ita dissimulatæ in Latinis litteris elegantiae," who urged him years ago to undertake this task. The result is a delightful book. Happy the schoolboy whose first notion of Latin poetry can be derived from Postgate's Phædrus instead of from the fine-spun sophistries of Ovid's heroines. Nor should older students despise the wit and wisdom of this admirable story-teller. After Socrates in prison had amused and comforted himself by turning Æsop's fables into verse, ancient orators, philosophers and poets never tired of citing and adapting for the pointing of their morals, the adornment of their tales, those petty, wise conceits of animals and vegetables, human and of the other kind. The stock was constantly increased, the form, by a succession of modest artists, constantly improved. In Phædrus at his best the fable, slight as it is, can paint the drama of the ancient world with all the ease, and almost all the urbanity, of Horace. His country-mouse is a different mouse from that of Horace, but equally deserves a place in any wisely unsophisticated Common Room. Horace's mouse, indeed, may serve as an example of the use to which the materials of this modest genre were put by writers of the more ambitious schools. Do not dismiss the occupation of a Phædrus, who spent years in finding out how best a fable could be told in Latin, as child's-play, and unworthy of a serious grown-up artist. "Duplex libelli dos est—quod risum movet, et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet." How delicious and surprising can be the application of the simplest fable Dr. Postgate cunningly insinuates when he describes the present owner of the most important manuscript of Phædrus, a certain Marquis L. de Rosanbone, as "a sort of Phædrusian dragon, who lies in watch over his treasure day and night for fear it might take harm through being seen or touched by scholars." We hope the Marquis will consult his Phædrus (iv. 20), and will draw the proper inference.

Dr. Postgate, then, has not only given us a good text of a neglected but delightful author. He has embellished it with a commentary which, although it is concerned exclusively with the technique of textual criticism, contrives to be, like Phædrus, witty, concise and elegant, as well as clear. In the form, at any rate, of Professor Fiske's imposing work on Horace and Lucilius—we say it without any sort of satisfaction—we miss alike the Horatian felicity and the Lucilian energy. The professor's style is difficult, and, for an author who exhorts us to submit to stern artistic discipline, and so become "true classicists," astonishingly slipshod. The first three qualities of "the plain style" of which, according to our author, Lucilius in theory, and Horace both in theory and in practice, were exponents, are "Latinitas" ("correctness and purity of conversational idiom"), brevity, and clearness. Such virtues, we know, are

more easily praised than emulated, but we think so competent a student of so lucid a writer as Horace might get nearer to them than, for instance, this:

"In adopting the title *sermōnes*, for his satires, therefore, Lucilius was probably in the minds of his contemporaries consciously associating his work with a complex of loosely-jointed forms of half-satirical, half-philosophical exposition widely spread over the Hellenistic world, united only in possessing the common tone of the *τὸ σπουδαίον* and in making their nearest approach to the fixity of generic exposition in the Bionean *διατριβή*."

And yet, in spite of the style, in spite of innumerable wearisome repetitions, which prolong our labour and obscure his argument, in spite of misprints which might make the book a bibliographical curiosity (out of a great crop we note Antigonus "Gnatas" for *Gonatas*, p. 181; "deliciac" for *delicia*, p. 331; "Cynieorum," p. 141; "universum" for *inversum*, p. 232; "eisogic," p. 449)—in spite of all this, we consider Professor Fiske's laborious book a contribution of importance to the study not of Horace only, but of Roman literary methods. "Non detrahare ausim Hærentem capiti cum multa laude coronam, Si dixi fluere hunc lutulentum . . ." Just as Phædrus worked and reworked the mine of popular traditional fable, adapting to new purposes old theories, reshaping his material, continually improving his technique, until at last he had created something new as well as old, a fable as well told as fables possibly can be, so Horace in the satires is working as a conscious artist to perfect, not to abolish, a tradition. "Invention" meant for the ancients not the search for novelty, as novelty, but the discovery, in literature as in life, of good material, none the worse if it had been already recognized as good by older artists. As Professor Fiske well says, "Each poet or writer in turn transmitted the great tradition by transmuting it." The poet distils his songs from essences which he has freely gathered, "*apis Matinæ more*," in the garden of literature as well as life. His theme, his plot, his ideas, even the pattern in which he arranges his material, may be traditional. Indeed, if he be working in an established genre, it is, according to the ancient theory, his duty to employ the well-known topics and to arrange them in the approved rhetorical scheme. If he be Virgil, the result is an *Æneid*. If he be Silius Italicus, though he gather all the commonplaces and conform to all the rules, his work will be born dead. Of course the theory is dangerous, and perhaps Professor Fiske, in his enthusiasm for "true classicism," under-estimates its dangers. In Rome the ancient method only produced good literature so long as poets continued, like Horace, Lucilius and Juvenal, to poke about the Forum for material, as well as in their book-boxes. And is it not just possible that even our "vorticists and futurists," in whom Professor Fiske sees "an eccentricity hardly distinguishable from madness," are really, as Mr. Clive Bell tells us, in the tradition—creating a new genre, if you like? Certainly many of them work as hard, submit to as severe a discipline, and owe as much to the old great masters, as correct Academicians. Horace in his own day was hardly orthodox.

But whatever may have been its dangers, the theory certainly existed. Cicero says, "Unless you know the commonplaces you cannot say anything *graviter, ample, copiose*." And we, unless we know them, cannot fully appreciate the art of the old poets. When Horace wrote his "Journey to Brundisium" he had in mind, and meant his readers to recall, the journey of Lucilius to the Sicilian Straits. When he relates, in the most charming, most personal of his satires, the story of his introduction to Mæcenas, and pays his generous tribute to the memory of the freedman father who gave him his education and

his chance of happiness, he means us to recall the story of the introduction of Lucilius to a patron and the story which Lucilius has told of his own father's somewhat different methods. And both Horace and Lucilius in their poems look back to Bion, to whom these same theories were already part of the tradition. The moral commonplaces of the satirists were, in fact, the stock-in-trade of Cynic-Stoic preachers, redressed and Romanized; their characters and incidents had prototypes in the New Comedy and the Mime. Their very style, personal and characteristic as it is, was in part the fruit of a derived, traditional scholastic theory.

Lucilius was a member of the circle of the younger Scipio, the model of the earlier "plain style," of the polite, "ironical" (Socratic) humour. He was the friend of Lælius, Polybius, and of Panætius, the Greek philosopher who taught his Roman pupils to reinterpret the old Roman "virtue" in the terms of a liberal Stoicism. Lucilius himself was interested, as Professor Fiske has shown, in Panætius' doctrines of "the liberal jest," the plain decorous style. His very extravagances, his admixture of Greek words with Latin, his occasional use of South Italian words, and even of the camp argot, are due not simply to his temperament, but to a theory that this type of humour was appropriate to his genre.

Horace rejected this view, because he was an Augustan. But in polishing his verse he carried on the work of his predecessor, just as Virgil carried on the work of Ennius and Lucretius. One result of Professor Fiske's discussion is that we are reminded how much our European civilization owes to the Greek schoolmasters who taught the Roman gentleman "humanitas." Scipio was the first Roman gentleman who shaved daily. We are amused at Professor Fiske's anxiety to show that in the sphere of humour and of personal invective Lucilius' lapses from propriety were the result of a rhetorical theory—as if, somehow, that fact was needed as an excuse. We are glad that Aristophanes and Rabelais and Shakespeare know nothing of the doctrine of the "liberal" jest. To us the Stoic philosophy of life seems only less defective than the Stoic theory of good literature. But, for all that, the Stoics and the advocates of plain speech and plain living were good schoolmasters for the Romans, and if you look round Europe for the relics of "politeness" and "urbanity" and "humaneness," you will find these virtues most in evidence, most widely diffused, most spontaneously practised, in the nations of which the Romans in their turn became the schoolmasters.

But for us Professor Fiske's analysis is chiefly important because it helps us to enjoy the art of Horace. You cannot taste the full flavour of his originality, you cannot even see the pattern of his artfully dissimulated art, unless you know his commonplaces. Still less can you hope to appreciate so bookish, yet so strong and original a character as Persius, who combines in a new sort of satire the stuff and the devices both of Lucilius and of Horace. In the light of Professor Fiske's work you may even hope to understand the artistry of Persius. There is method, and good method, underneath his madness. But do not go to Persius until you have steeped your mind in Horace; and when you go to Persius, take as your guide the modest, clear, concise and sensible edition of Signor Ramorino. You will not find a better, and it gives an added pleasure to a journey into ancient Italy to have for guide an intelligent modern Italian.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

THE Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects announce a number of new Studentships for ex-Service students now taking courses at "recognized" Schools of Architecture. These Studentships will be known as "Henry Jarvis Travelling Studentships," of the value of £50 a year for three or more years.



## THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM. By Sir Valentine Chirol. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE GOVERNMENT OF EGYPT. Recommendations by a Committee of the Labour Research Department, with Notes on Egypt by E. M. Forster. (Labour Research Department. 6d.)

IT all comes down to this. Sir Valentine Chirol takes three hundred pages to say that he thinks that he ought to be his brother's keeper, and the Labour Committee and Mr. Forster take twelve to say that they don't. The little book is the more useful and straightforward of the two; the large one is the more interesting. It is the more interesting because it reveals the psychology of a respectable English knight confronted by the distressing fact that a whole East *en* people is solidly determined, after forty years' experience, no longer to be ruled by Englishmen. Under the façade of dignified prolixity—Sir Valentine's style is a cross between a White Paper and a *Times* "leader"—you can continually detect his bewilderment in the presence of this monstrous phenomenon. If a German had written this book about the Poles of, say, Posen—and many Germans are or were capable of it—Sir Valentine would probably have thought it hypocritical and dishonest; but it is not, it is honest but bewildered. The Egyptians, from Saad Pasha Zaghlul down to the most docile fellah, have suddenly told us and the world that, after forty years' experience of British rule, they dislike it intensely—so intensely that they are prepared to kill and be killed in order to get rid of it and rule themselves.

Sir Valentine continually recurs to the material benefits which British rule has conferred upon Egypt; they are the sheet anchor which alone can keep him moored among the ideas and beliefs which he learned to accept about the British Empire in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It seems almost impossible for him to believe that anyone who has experienced these benefits should be "ungrateful" to Englishmen and should actually wish to see the last of them. And yet the events of the last twelve months force even Sir Valentine to recognize that fact. Hence his bewilderment. Some of the blame he lays upon Providence for not having made Lord Cromer immortal, and some upon Lord Cromer's successors for having made administrative "blunders." He is too honest a man to gloze over the abominable abuses in Egyptian administration which occurred during the war, and he is too good a patriot and Imperialist not to make every excuse for them. He cannot face the conclusion that we have misgoverned Egypt and alienated every class of Egyptians; that in fact the Egyptians quite simply and honestly would prefer to manage their own affairs in their own way. All through his book, usually subconsciously, he is laying the blame for this inexplicable fact upon the Egyptians. One of the chief objects of his book is to prove that they never were independent and that they always were and still are unfit for independence. While every excuse is made for every "blunder" committed by an Englishman, there is never a good word for an Egyptian nationalist, and any motive imputed to one is always bad. What Sir Valentine would call patriotism among Poles or Czecho-Slovaks is among Egyptians "the clamour of a largely artificial agitation." When the Copts join the Muhammadans in demanding independence, they do so with "a great show of enthusiasm," but Sir Valentine is not very much "impressed" by "all this effusive fraternization." The outlook and tone of the book are, in fact, those of a superior Englishman looking down from the heights of Empire upon the follies and vices of an inferior race. It is, of course, too much to expect the author to realize that it is that outlook and tone which, more than anything else, have roused the Egyptians and other Eastern races to revolt against British rule; nevertheless, Sir Valentine has been forced to believe that we must give "self-government" to the Egyptians.

## FACTS

COMBED OUT. By F. A. V. (The Swarthmore Press. 6s. net.)

ONE can easily see the reason why so many lies are told about war. With an animal so dominated by greed as is man, and where, indeed, the very conditions of existence make a monstrous development of the acquisitive appetites essential to survival, wars may always be expected. Everything that makes for man's survival is honoured by him, and the killing of competitors is naturally praised as a glorious activity. At the present time, when a comparatively widespread indulgence of the rational faculty has disturbed the cheerful certainties of the purely instinctive life, there are many men who, if they have not developed a new morality, are at least dissatisfied with the old. The author of this book is such a man. He has no dominant passion, patriotism, the worship of a tribal deity, or what not, which can act as a solvent of the facts of war, dissolving them away, or smudging and obliterating them into a higher unity. His mind halts at the facts. In this book we are given the actual non-interpreted facts of war, the primary data on which we must build up our justification or condemnation of war. Not that the writer is a detached recorder—he is very far from that. His immediate and overwhelming reaction to the facts, a reaction that no reflection can modify, is one of utter, final horror and loathing. And for this reason, because his record is unsophisticated, it is sincere. We have here none of the romantic gloom of the war correspondent none of the hearty manliness, tinged with a deep, but controlled sorrow, of the newspaper leader-writer, but a wincing, tortured human soul in the presence of irremediable evil. He is not concerned to present a case, he is concerned to give a catalogue of facts. The chapter called "The Casualty Clearing Station" is just a list of facts. There is the patient who, instead of a nose, had a red hole big enough to contain a human fist, the patient whose entrails bulged out in a huge coil from a gash in the abdomen, the "head cases" with their oozing brains, the gas-gangrene cases. . . And as a heading to this list is put a remark from Mr. Balfour's speech of June 20, 1918, in the House of Commons.

For who feels the horrors of war more than those who are responsible for its conduct? On whom does the burden of blood and treasure weigh most heavily? How can it weigh more heavily on any man or set of men than those on this bench?

It is this quotation that shows us how wars are possible. Such statements can be made and they can be listened to. It is the complete lack of imagination that makes this possible which also makes war possible. The few men who are not in this insentient condition are of all men the most unfortunate. For their very love of their fellows puts them apart from them. The desire to spare men suffering incurs their suspicion and dislike. There is no doubt that the "efficient" forces in war are fear and hate, and for that reason, to the author of this book, a soldier is a degraded man. For the nation at large the degradation induced by war culminates in victory. Such conceptions are very different from those that we find in the speeches of our governors, and we are not convinced that they are, without exception, true. But we believe them to be immeasurably closer to the truth than are the conventions and "ideals" with which churches, public teachers and governments cheat men to death and mutilation, and a nation to a worse than barren victory.

Among their forthcoming works on foreign literature, Messrs. Constable announce "Victor Hugo," by Madame Duclaux; "Paul Verlaine," by the Hon. Harold Nicholson; and "Shelley and Calderon," by Salvador de Madariaga.

## A LITERARY PROBLEM

THE DIARY OF OPAL WHITELEY: with an Introduction by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. (Putnam's 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS diary of Opal Whiteley is indeed a remarkable book, remarkable not only for its contents, but for its genesis. Opal Whiteley, as the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* informs us in his preface, was born no one knows when or where: she is now, however, about twenty-one years of age. Her parents died before she was five years of age, and the little girl then fell into the charge of the wife of an Oregon lumber-man. The little girl, who appears to have had a singular mind, proceeded to keep a diary. She wrote it in printed capitals, with coloured chalks, on any kind of scrap-paper she came across—paper bags, wrapping paper, and so on. The complete manuscript of this diary contains more than 150,000 words, and the present book consists of 70,000 words selected from this total as certainly belonging to the end of her sixth and seventh years. When Opal was over twelve years of age her diary suffered a great misfortune. It was torn into fragments by a foster-sister who had lost her temper. Opal, however, picked up the scraps and hid them in a secret box. Years elapse. In the summer of 1919 Opal visits the editor of the *Atlantic* to make arrangements about the publication of a nature book. In the course of the interview he asks her whether she had ever kept a diary. The whole story then came out; the editor asked her to telegraph for the secret box and it arrived with its myriad fragments. Opal immediately set to work to piece them together, and by the winter Mr. Sedgwick, the editor, was able to introduce her to Earl Grey as the author of the diary, and to read some extracts to him.

Mr. Sedgwick describes the labour of putting the diary together as enormous. We doubt if he has realized, however, quite how remarkable a feat it was. A photograph of a specimen page shows 100 words and is formed by fitting together 28 pieces. Since the diary was written on both sides of the paper we may say that 28 pieces represent 200 words. If we adopt 24 as an average figure, it follows that this manuscript of 150,000 words existed in 18,000 pieces. Presumably the ill-tempered foster-sister scattered them at random, so that Opal had a chaotic arrangement to work on. The pieces, as shown in the photograph, do not contain sufficient words to make easy fitting possible. Opal would sometimes have to rummage through the entire boxful to find a piece to fit. Let us suppose that, on an average, and whatever the number of pieces already fitted, she has to rummage through half the remaining pieces in the box to find the missing piece. And suppose that the scrutiny of each piece (and very careful scrutiny would be required) takes one-half second. Then a simple calculation, allowing for the steadily decreasing number of pieces to be hunted through, gives for the total performance 11,250 hours, or more than three years at ten hours a day. So that Opal must not only have been very industrious, but very lucky, to accomplish her task in a few months. The varieties of paper would help her, of course. She would not try to fit a piece of brown paper to pieces of white paper. On the other hand, the fact that the original, untorn pieces of paper did not have regular outlines would prove a difficulty in fitting. There is also sufficient monotony of content in the manuscript to make the correct ordering of the 750 sheets a matter of some difficulty. We are told that the printed characters are about one inch high, which suggests that the photograph represents a piece of paper about 25 inches high and 18 inches broad. The child, therefore, consumed a good deal of scrap paper.

The actual contents of the book also presents points of considerable interest. It is chiefly a record of "pretty"

thoughts about animals, vegetables and trees. We may give specimens:

By the wood-shed is a brook. It goes singing on. Its joy-song does sing in my heart.

Long time ago, this road did have a longing to go across a rivière. Some wise people did have understandings and they did build it a bridge to go across on.

I have thinks those potatoes growing here did have knowings of the star-songs. I have kept watch in the fields at night and I have seen the stars look kindness down upon them. And I have walked between the rows of potatoes and I have watched the star-gleams on their leaves, and I have heard the wind ask of them the star-songs the star-gleams did tell in shadows on their leaves and as the wind did go walking in the field talking to the earth voices there I did follow her down the rows, I did have feels of her presence near.

These are some of the "prettiest" passages. But what they most forcibly suggest is surely a rather odd kind of sophistication. Let us take a different, and more striking example. One whole chapter is occupied with an account of a certain young couple having a baby. Opal, that naïve child, had prayed that quite a different couple should have a baby. She thinks, in her pretty childish way, that the angels have made a mistake, and brought the baby to the wrong couple. So she explains this to the young couple with the baby and then goes off to interview the other, babyless, couple. This couple, as she is careful to state, have been married seven months. She arrives:

Then she did take me on her lap and she did ask me what was the matter. And I just did tell her all about it—all about how I had been praying for the angels to bring a baby real soon to them—and how sad feels I did feel because they didn't have a baby yet. Her husband did smile a quiet smile at her, and roses did come on her cheeks.

This "quiet smile" and the roses on the cheeks do unquestionably, we submit, presuppose the sophisticated reader. This extraordinary child, writing in all innocence, selects the very clichés proper to such scenes as they occur in sentimental novels. It is exactly as if she knew the precise *portée* of that seven months and had a public in mind; but it is not in the least, to our thinking, naïve. The fact that the period of gestation is nine months is always allowed for by this child in her "effects." Larry and Jean are saying good-bye. Jean is crying. Larry pats her on the shoulder and says:

There, little girl, don't cry,  
I'll come back and marry you by and by.

The child continues:

And he did. And the angels looking down from heaven saw their happiness and brought a baby real soon, when they had been married most five months.

How remarkable that these effects are always quite unconscious! But we have no space to pursue our analysis into details. An amateur Sherlock Holmes will find much of interest in this volume. For instance, is the vocabulary consistent? Is the idiom consistent? Is the *ignorance* consistent? Is it, for instance, credible that this child does not know the meaning of "minute"—a minute of time? Yet when she hears her foster-mother say "I've lost ten minutes" she looks everywhere, under the bed, in corners, for the lost ten minutes. American humour, yes. The humour of the incredible American sentimental novel, but *natural, naïve*? For the rest, and in spite of Earl Grey's "sheer delight" in the book, we find it flat, dreary, utterly uninteresting, a *reductio ad absurdum* of, as we have hinted, the American sentimental novel. J. W. N. S.

THE whole of the printing machines, type, printed books, antique furniture and pictures belonging to the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, founded by the late Mr. A. H. Bullen in 1904, are to be sold by private treaty. Here is an opportunity for a lover of literature who will continue the Press with the same high ideals as its founder.

## THE PILGRIM MOVEMENT

NEW LIGHT ON THE PILGRIM STORY. By the Rev. Thomas W. Mason, with the Rev. B. Nightingale, M.A., Litt. D. as Collaborator. (Congregational Union of England and Wales. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE pride of the people of the United States in the *Mayflower*, the tercentenary of whose sailing from Plymouth Hoe is being celebrated this year, is largely a national pride. There were certain qualities aboard that little ship that have played a part in the formation of the American spirit and of American nationality. The actual religious disputes which were connected with their arrival—though remotely enough, for it was not a religious dispute or any persecution which brought the Pilgrims from Leyden—are probably of minor interest to them. The history of religious persecution is monotonously similar in all ages. No priest-craft and no creed is exempt from reproach, and Salem has to bear it as well as London. The Americans who celebrate the sailing of the *Mayflower* are to a great extent paying homage to a spiritual ancestry.

Yet it must be admitted that the picturesqueness of the incident has led to exaggeration of its results. The *Mayflower* is a symbol; it is absurd to pretend, as is sometimes pretended, that in plain reality she has been the chief influence in the making of "Americanism." If we think to-day of a typical "old-fashioned American," the first type that appears in our mind's eye is a descendant of the settlers of Boston, not of those of New Plymouth. The second is, perhaps, a Hollander; the third a gentleman of the South. Modern capitalism and politics are largely represented by the German and the Irishman. The actual type of the Pilgrim Father would probably be found more frequently in our own London, in our own Eastern Counties, from which he went forth, than across the Atlantic. His counterpart in religion is probably commoner in the flocks of the Rev. Thomas Mason and B. Nightingale than in the streets of New York. The American nation, spiritually as well as bodily, has sprung from many seeds, and the *Mayflower* is but one of the most interesting and remarkable.

The authors of this book would probably not be disposed to admit this. To them the sailing of the *Mayflower* represents the birth of the United States. They have set themselves the task of hunting for traces of the fathers of the New World in London and the villages of the Eastern Counties. They have displayed industry and patience, and unearthed new material—even if it be unimportant—where it was thought no more existed. Yet both in matter and manner there is something wrong. We had thought that no aspect of historical research could have left us indifferent, but much of this is small beer, when it is not profitless speculation. Even when good work has been done the triumphant and never-ending moralizing mingled with the research has spoiled its taste for us, while not very profound disquisitions on the "baneful traditions of Monasticism and Catholicism" have done little to sweeten it. At one point at least there is unintentional humour, where a visit with a party of Americans to Scrooby, the home of John Robinson, the Pilgrim's pastor in New England, is described. "I can still hear their song as we wended our way to the station:

John Robinson's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on."

"The new material offered will, at least," it is stated in the Preface, "raise the student's estimate of the social status of the Pilgrim Fathers in England, and will add considerably to his mental estimate of their individual greatness." Well, the Pilgrim Fathers should not need social status. They can stand on their own legs. They are ancestors; a better thing than being descendants.

Their individual greatness is something of which we should have been glad to form a mental picture; unfortunately this book does not go very far in helping us to do so.

## THE EGYPTIAN LIDDELL AND SCOTT

AN EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC DICTIONARY. By Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. (Murray. £15 15s. 0s. net.)

HE who writes a book knows that at the end of his work comes a task, the writing of its index. Some evade this task by employing others to write their indexes for them, but those who wish their index to be a good one brace themselves to the wearisome writing and collection of slips, and do it themselves. But if a simple index is a wearisome thing to compile, what of a whole dictionary, nay a lexicon? When one turns over the pages of Liddell and Scott, one marvels at the mere physical industry of the two learned authors, one thinks of the thousands and thousands of slips of words, instances and references that must have been written before the great book itself could have been put on the stocks. And here we have before us a dictionary (nay, rather a lexicon, for in size it deserves the more august title) of another language that makes us wonder equally at the evidence of unwearied industry that it presents. And this is the work of one man, assisted only, so far as the clerical task was concerned, by a devoted amanuensis, his wife. And it is, further, the work of a man whose literary output is already colossal. Sir Ernest Budge must be congratulated on its successful completion. It is the steady by-work of a lifetime, fully put into form and produced for the use of the world at the moment which the author deemed necessary if it ever were to appear at all. This means that, as the author gives us to understand, it does not claim to be an absolutely complete dictionary of the ancient Egyptian language, but it does contain all the words and locutions which he has collected in the course of forty years' continuous study of the hieroglyphical literature. His great predecessor in the Egyptian Department of the British Museum, Dr. Samuel Birch, aspired to bring out such a dictionary (in addition to the smaller word-book that he did write, which was buried in the pages of a general work on Ancient Egypt by another author, Bunsen), but went on writing slips to the end of his life without finding a publisher. Sir Ernest Budge has found his, with the munificent assistance of a benefactor to learning whose name, at his own request, may not be mentioned. To this anonymous Mæcenæ he owes the publication of his book, and its publication with no sparing of expense. It is magnificently printed by Messrs. Harrison, who have now the largest font of hieroglyphic type in existence, and otherwise produced in sumptuous style. Its price, naturally, nowadays must be high, and fifteen guineas must be paid for it. As it stands, it is the latest lexicographical production of Egyptian study. With questions of scientific philology we have no concern in this review. Sir Ernest himself indicates, in his introduction, that there are other scholars who do not see eye to eye with him on the great question of whether the Egyptian language was Semitic or not. He himself holds that fundamentally it was not, and rejects the transliteration, based on Semitic philology, that the Semitic Egyptologists uphold. But apart from this matter as to which the doctors disagree, there can be no doubt as to the value to the student of this huge thesaurus of Egyptian linguistic knowledge. Sir Ernest expressly disclaims either finality or omniscience for his dictionary: he has a right to claim, and will receive, his due meed of credit for his laborious work, and his helper the same for the generosity with which he has facilitated its publication.



## SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BALLADS

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS, 1553-1625. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins, Ph.D., Assistant-Professor of English in New York University. (Cambridge University Press, 1920. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE points of interest and curiosity in this volume are numerous. One must not, indeed, encourage hopes on the part of those who look chiefly to the poetical side of balladry—a view which Professor Hyder Rollins rather paradoxically counters by saying of one of his sections that “no better ballad was ever written” though it has “small pretensions to poetry.” These hopes might not be quite extinguished by the information that most of the contents are religious in subject and that most of these again are rather strongly partisan on the Roman Catholic side, for the sanguine reader might remember Southwell and Chidiock Tichborne. As a matter of fact the book does contain the Add. MSS. 15225 version of “Jerusalem my happy home,” but that is certainly its nearest and perhaps its only approach to poetry. Indeed the general literary value is nowhere high, though the Editor finds excusable opportunities for commending his flock.

To tests of value other than the purely literary, however, it answers more than fairly. Beyond all doubt the ballad does not stand or fall *merely* by its poetical qualities: though without any such it can hardly claim to be the best of its kind. History “in all its branches” (as innkeepers used to say in the days of posting when they advertised) has great use for it and mere curiosity, not worthy of being called historic, has a good deal. The chief reliance of the editor's own recommendation is on the score of Roman Catholic pieces; five dating from Mary's reign and fifteen from the last twenty of her sister's and the first decade of James's. Most if not all of these, with others of the contents of the volume, are printed from MSS. or reprinted from rare broadsides for the first time. The Marian pieces naturally take a much more favourable view of the “greatly misunderstood” Queen (as Professor Rollins calls her) than the customary one. The phrase may raise a smile by its recalling “that much misunderstood politeecian, Jack Cade”: and one would hardly say that unfavourable views of Mary were due to misunderstanding. Her sister and her namesake-cousin are complicated enough: she is as “plain” in one sense as, poor thing! she was in another. You may dislike, disapprove, denounce the results of her thorough simplicity of character, but you must be a dunce if you do not perceive the fact of it. However, Professor Rollins clearly has a kindness for her; and whether his unvarying restriction of the term “Catholic” to *Roman* Catholics explains this or not, one certainly need not grudge her a champion. Nor must it be supposed that the volume is confined to anti-Anglican productions. Invectives against the treason of Lady Jane's partisans; hailings to the new Queen; the pretty “Marigold” ballad known already to readers of the *Harleian Miscellany*; most unlucky countings beforehand of the chicken that was never hatched; and laments on Mary's own death, are followed soon by eulogies (the first of them very long) on Glover and Careless, two of not the least prominent of Foxe's “Martyrs”: and it is not till after these and others that we get to the second batch of pieces dealing with the execution of recusants. Professor Rollins greatly admires one on the death of Thewlis, calling it “marvellous.” It is certainly full of minute *reportage*: but mere doggerel in style and metre.

This mixture of quality is characteristic of the collection: and if, as has been said, there are hardly two pieces of poetical or literary merit in it there is hardly one which is without interest of some kind. Here we come upon a ballad the first line of which—

No wight in the world that wealth can attaine

seems to have caught contemporary ears as a specimen of alliterative “tumbling” verse; there, a reference—certainly of the sixteenth century and perhaps not late in it—to the tune of “Hobbinoble and John a-Side” gives us what is so uncommon, a positive testimony to the knowledge of Scotch ballads in England before the seventeenth century. One does not quite know why Professor Rollins attributes his number 19 “A song of the Puritan” to a “Catholic” Poet: for there is nothing in it which might not have been written by a most orthodox Anglican of the time. But it anticipates the tone of Corbet and others very interestingly. An unusually spirited and “lilting” piece is the Bellman's Goodmorrow, “From sluggish sleep and slumber, Good Christians all arise” already printed in Mr. Clark's *Shirburn Ballads* but given here from a different source, and with some variations. And for those who cannot away with religious verse there is a “miscellaneous” section—including a lively celebration of Good Ale and the way in which he overthrew a whole alphabet of enemies from “Adam, Austine and Adrian” to “Xpofer” (Y & Z seem prudently to have declined the contest); an elegy on the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham (Richard the Third's victim) and some very curious burlesque poems on the Gunpowder plot, wherein the British Solomon's sagacity and his salvation from the machinations of “Catesby Faux and Garnet” are treated with considerable irreverence.

A review of a book of this kind is bound to be somewhat desultory; but it may be hoped that what has been said will have shewn something of its real and remarkably varied interest. Even the enthusiasts who regard the ballad as “the lifebuoy of poetry” should be well content to welcome it as an addition to the library of its subject. For, luckily, during the thirty years (1586-1616) which its main contents cover, poetry was in no need of a lifebuoy, having a famous fleet of gallant galleys (as the time would itself have said) wherein to be conveyed. So the thing turned itself to more prosaic but not useless or degrading purposes: and saved for us divers curious traits of character, facts of history and common life, records of the hopes, thoughts, beliefs, convictions and weaknesses of men.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

For an author to attempt to bring back the essential joyousness and rightness of that phase of rural life familiar to us before the war as “squirearchy” is a hazardous undertaking. In “The Latest Thing,” by Mr. Harold Begbie (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net), the newer conceptions of social life held by characters other than Mr. Begbie's squire are challenged with “What would your dear mother have said?” and the ethical relationship of master and workman during the nineteenth century is with joyous conviction held to be essentially just. “What we want are good workmen, honest workmen, sober workmen, thrifty workmen,” says the squire, and “Take care of your characters and your rights will take care of themselves.” All the modern folk in the story turn out to be either *roués* or hateful generally, and all the old-fashioned and conservative people noble and lovable. The book is very readable, none the less, and there is much delight and charm in such chapters as that of the Christmas party at the squire's house. But the reconstruction with which Mr. Begbie appears to be concerned will need to be approached on altogether different lines.

THE August issue of *l'Amour de l'Art* (Paris, Librairie de France) more than maintains the high standard of its predecessors. Reproductions of engravings by Laboureur (the author of the whimsical “Types de l'Armée Américaine”), drawings by Gimmi (who has evidently absorbed Picasso to some purpose), Dufy, the sculptor Archipenko, Warsquier and Zayas represent the younger men; while an illustrated article on Courbet, and reproductions of drawings by Rodin, Redon, Van Gogh and Guys provide a substructure of accepted reputations. The principal critical articles are signed André Salmon, Louis Vauxcelles, André Fontainas and Waldemar George.

## ROMANTIC ETHICS

THE ORIGINS OF FRENCH ROMANTICISM. By M. B. Finch and E. Allison Peers. (Constable. 16s. net.)

THE period of French literature covered by the present volume (roughly from 1750 to 1824) saw the decisive struggle between traditional ideas and the new romantic tendency. The chief artificers of romanticism, to each of whom the authors devote a chapter, are Rousseau, Diderot, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand. The chapter on André Chénier is mainly and rightly devoted to showing that he is not in any proper sense of the word a romantic. The minor figures, like Millevoye, the precursor of Lamartine, who are often important for an understanding of the romantic transformation of the different genres, are treated with tact and good taste.

One of the most curious of these transition figures is Népomucène Lemerrier, who was for the most part pseudo-classic in his theory, and yet precipitated a fatal riot by his violation of the rules in his play, "Christophe Colomb." The foreign influences that were so much in evidence in France in the early nineteenth century did little more, as the authors point out, than fret the surface of the main currents that came down from the eighteenth. This is true even of the influence of Shakespeare on the romantic drama, which is in its essence a sort of parvenu melodrama with lyrical trimmings and local colour.

The authors seem to fail occasionally to take advantage of the latest sources of information. They are apparently unaware of the many writings in the eighteenth century, besides those of Bernardin de St. Pierre, which anticipated Chateaubriand and his æsthetic Christianity. (See Masson, "La Religion de J.-J. Rousseau.") No book was ever more thoroughly prepared for than "Le Génie du Christianisme." Nor is it strictly correct to say that "Napoleon despised the works of Rousseau." As a young man he was steeped in Rousseau, as well as in Werther and Ossian. Additional evidence on this point will be found in an interesting article in *L'Illustration* of January 17 last, under the title "Napoléon Romancier."

The fault of the book, however, is not inaccuracy, but a certain lack of incisiveness in dealing with ideas. A treatment of French romanticism as a purely literary episode, even an agreeable treatment like the present one, will not satisfy entirely those who have been following the recent trend of French criticism. French critics are coming more and more to see in the movement that took its rise in the eighteenth century something that extends far beyond the frontiers of literature, and marks indeed a new direction of the human spirit. In different degrees and from various points of view they are increasingly hostile to romanticism, especially to its ethical pretensions. This new attitude was visible even before "Le Romantisme Français" of Lasserre (1907), and can be traced through the writings of Lemaître, Barrès, Bourget, Maurras, Maigron, Seillière, down to "L'Hérité romantique dans la littérature contemporaine" of Louis Estève, which has just appeared. The failure to take account of this anti-romantic current in French criticism makes parts of the present volume appear somewhat belated. Is it not rather late, for example, to receive without question Madame de Staël's notions as to the best means of bringing together different nationalities, especially France and Germany? No persons in any case have ever suffered more severe disillusionments than those who have taken these notions seriously. Thus it has been said of Renan, who was a cosmopolitan in the style of Madame de Staël, that he looked for the new Christ to come from Germany—and instead he got Bismarck. What romanticism leads to internationally, as Seillière has been trying to show in about a score of volumes, is not brotherhood but an

"irrational imperialism." The romantic failure to unite nations merely reproduces on a larger scale the romantic failure to unite individuals. The nature of the difficulty is indicated by Schopenhauer's remark that Rousseau's great achievement was to put the idea of sympathy at the basis of ethics. But there is something still more basic in the ethics of the Rousseauist or emotional romanticist than the idea of sympathy, and that is his idea of liberty; and the two ideas are at war with one another. Romantic traits, to cull phrases from the present volume, are "colossal vanity," "ungovernable imagination," "unlimited subjectivity," and "desire of self-expression"; at the same time the romanticist is idealistic, fraternal, cosmopolitan. He would in short have everybody fly off on his own tangent and likewise be everybody else's brother. The upshot is that romantic "liberty" has triumphed in the real world and romantic sympathy in dreamland. The movement is in its essence centrifugal. Science in the meanwhile has been bringing men closer and closer together on the material level and arming them with formidable power. It is scarcely necessary to dilate on the dangers of this type of contact when accompanied by a growing spiritual divergence.

Various French thinkers, like Maurras and the group of "L'Action Française," who have perceived the fundamental unsoundness of romantic ethics, are simply for reverting to the traditional disciplines. But we can surely deal with the whole problem in a more modern way, and without attempting an impossible return to the past. Reduced to its simplest terms, the problem is whether the universally human element, the element that tends to bring men together even across national frontiers, is felt primarily as an expansive emotion, or, in the Confucian phrase, as a "law of inner control." In creative art the first and most important application of the law of inner control would seem to be to the imagination itself. The imagination of a poet of the first class is not "ungovernable," like that of the pure romantic, but is disciplined to some centre of normal human experience; it is ethical in the Greek sense, which is something very different from explicit moralizing.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has declared in a recent poem that the copy-book maxims alone abide. Now romanticism was in no small degree a revolt from the tyranny of the copy-book maxims, an affirmation in the teeth of these maxims that "beauty is its own excuse for being." The copy-book maxims for their part have often suffered from romantic æstheticism in the realm of ethical values. When Professor Herford says, for instance, of "Prometheus Unbound," with its impossible solution of the problem of evil, that it is "a magnificent expression of the faith of Plato and of Christ," we are impelled at once to side with the copy-book maxims and to reply: "The wages of sin is death." The best art does not as a matter of fact move in the region of the copy-book maxims, nor does it again fall into imaginative unrestraint. The creative artist has after all the right to his own "vision"; but the public for its part has the right to apply to this vision what one may term the humanistic test—to rate it, in other words, according to its centrality or eccentricity. However elusive the matter may be as mere theory, the public does, in spite of temporary errors innumerable, finally reach such a rating: it comes to feel the superiority in humanistic and ethical quality of Shakespeare's imagination, let us say, over that of Beaumont and Fletcher. What is inadmissible is the romantic clamour for "la liberté de l'art," which is, according to Brunetière, the liberty of the author to be as eccentric as he likes, and still find an appreciative audience.

IRVING BABBITT.

THE late Dowager Viscountess Wolseley's collection of Sheffield plate, bequeathed by her to the Victoria and Albert Museum, now occupies five large cases in the East Hall.

## A DULL MONSTER

CALIBAN. By W. L. George. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE first impression and the impression that abides after reading Mr. W. L. George's latest novel is that it is so very late indeed. Six years ago, eight years ago—no, ten—this kind of novel was the height of fashion. The model was new; it suited the young writers of those ebullient days. They could not resist making a copy for themselves, and looking back across the immense interval, we picture them tricked out in it, we see them banded together as a kind of Fire Brigade, dashing off at an immense pace and clatter to put out, to destroy, to turn the hose upon, any solid sedate residence which was not and never could be on fire. It was still most amusing and almost novel in those days to laugh at Victorian furniture, to discuss endlessly the fashions of that period and to recall the comic ballads or the tender strains of "Come to me, Sweet Marie." Leg of mutton sleeves, bustles, what-nots and the fact that you must never stand anything on top of the Bible provoked the merriest peals. There was a feeling in the air that life was such a game, such fun, such a lark, such a rag! And there was, above all, an idea, a kind of nebulous football of an idea which floated and bumped in everybody's direction and simply asked to be kicked high and sent flying, that the thing to do was to "get down to it" and to be bold. "Toujours de l'audace"—we actually said it then.

The model upon which all these copies were fashioned survives, but it has become something of a curiosity. We do not admire it less than we did then—but it is impossible for us to recapture the emotional state in which it was presented to us then. To say that the war has changed our attitude to life is not a very useful thing to say, neither is it wholly true. But what it has done is to fix for ever in our minds the distinction between what is a fashion and what is permanent. In spite of all the nonsense that is admired and the rubbish that is extolled we do perceive a striving after something nearer the truth, something more deeply true among a few writers to-day.

So it is with astonishment and not a little amusement that we observe appearing in the broadest daylight, complete to the confident eyebrows, the quaint figure of ten years ago—the rather smallish man, not handsome but immensely vital, the man who has thrust upwards, hitting, pushing, smashing the family solidities in Maida Vale, "three years before the first Jubilee," laying about him relentless and determined until he emerges finally into the blazing glare as the author of "Zip." Richard Bulmer (you mark the punch in the name) from his early youth discovers that what the world wants is Zip, and Zip is a patent food of his own invention which is to be eaten with every newspaper and magazine that he can lay hands upon. His method is to buy the paper, mix so much Zip with it as it will hold and—feed the greedy millions. The greedy millions are fed. Bulmer, rising by swift degrees to Lord Bulmer of Bargo is Lord Northcliffe's rival. He buys papers as other men buy cigars. He buys men, women, houses, Power, but slim, cool Janet, with her graceful untidy hair and her look "like warm snow" he cannot buy. Not even when the war broke out and he rushed into Janet's flat, and: "His brain was fumous, his speech was a lyrical song of slaughter. In mangled sentences he expressed ideas newborn, aspiration to honour for his country that was actually an aspiration to deeds. He grew breathless; his mouth was dry. He was in the grasp of an epic poem. . . ." Not even when "in silence, muscle against muscle, teeth clenched they fought each other, hard breathing, giving forth the muffled cries of effort," and Janet "clutched at her hair that was loosening, and pressed her other hand against his chin, bending him

back as an arc." These cinematographically contested episodes end in Janet's marrying another ("For a moment Atlas bent under the weight of earth") and a final scene when our hero creeps back to his humming lair in Fleet Street and hears the boys cry his papers, while he murmurs that tag that used to end them in those other days: "One doesn't hitch on to anybody. One just messes about a bit in the middle of life and life sails away."

But why Caliban? What has this to do with Caliban? Shall Caliban come roaring out of his case with a gnawed copy of *The Times* at the wave of Mr. George's wand? Caliban is far too real a monster to dance to the tune of "Hello Life." But there again—we recognize the bygone fashion. Of course it would be Caliban! K. M.

HANDWRITING REFORM. By David Thomas. (Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.)—The doctrine of manuscript or print writing is deservedly gaining wide recognition. It is almost beyond doubt the most legible hand, and Mr. Thomas removes what would suggest itself as an obvious objection by quoting a certain test carried out in 1916, proving the speed attainable to be well in advance of the average. The advantages connected with its teaching are, that children learning it have one form of letter to learn instead of two; that it involves only straight lines and circles in the elementary stages; and that all children can acquire it. It is most useful in the case of defective pupils, and suits the left-handed child from anatomical reasons. While it is taught in the form of separate letters, yet it is modified by use into a cursive style with some of the letters joined.

We have great faith in this and in Mr. Thomas's small treatise, which does not overlook many other moot points in calligraphy, such as the correct posture of the penman, the position of the copy-book, the materials to be used. The book is both scientific and practical. It may be that other handwritings, such as the Caroline or Old English, will have their able exponents and good grounds for defence; but they must look to their laurels. In the introduction to "Handwriting Reform," by Mr. D. R. Harris, we read: "It might be argued that the coming of the age of cheap typewriters means the passing of the age of handwriting." This is the first we have heard of cheap typewriters.

THE CHARM OF THE ETCHER'S ART. "The Studio" Folios, No. 2. (7s. 6d.)—*The Studio* continues its series of reduced reproductions of plates by etchers whose work is admired in the curious world which delights in patter about first states, open shadows, burr, fat biting, and so on, and consents to the absurd and artificial manipulation of the market by astute dealers. The artists represented are Muirhead Bone (who stands in a class by himself, and contributes an unpublished dry-point entitled "San Silvestro, Rome"), James McBey, Frank Brangwyn, William Walcott, George Soper, Malcolm Osborne, Edmund Blampied, Martin Hardie, Alfred Bentley, Leonard Squirrell, and Frank W. Benson, the last an American etcher said to enjoy a considerable vogue in his native land.

If *The Studio* publishes further folios in this series, plates by Augustus John, Ian Strang and R. Schwabe would, we feel sure, be widely welcomed, particularly if they could be reproduced the same size as the originals.

Books recently added to the Library of the British Museum include the following: Boccaccio, *The Modell of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence* . . . framed in ten dayes, the third edition, T. Cotes for B. Allen and W. Hope, London, 1634. Imperfect.—Antonio de Torquemada, *Hexameron*, mis en français par Gabriel Chappuy, A. de Harsy, Lyon 1582.—Soixante Pseaumes de David mis en vers français par Ph. des Portes, J. Mettayer, Tours, 1592.

L'ANONIMA LIBRERIA ITALIANA has begun to publish a quarterly bulletin of new books, the first number of which has reached us. It is well classified and concisely compiled. There are indexes of subjects and of authors. The claim of the Society is that Italy is now in an economical, political and cultural revival of the greatest importance, and that too little is known in other countries of her recent art and literature. So much for the ideals of the movement; on the business side, the Society consists of six united publishing firms, and is the exclusive agency for the export of their books. The head office is at 7, Corso Palestro, Turin.



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE

## THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY: AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

By A. G. Tansley. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Tansley has written a really excellent exposition and summary of the chief speculations in modern psychology. Psychology, as it exists to-day, is, of course, immensely indebted to the work of Freud, and Mr. Tansley devotes a large amount of his space to a discussion of the psycho-analytic conceptions and results. The general characteristics of complexes, psychic energy, the apparatus of sublimation and repression, and the significance of dreams are clearly and competently described. In this aspect modern psychology is concerned chiefly with man as a mere individual. The second factor, necessary to a full understanding of the human mind, is found in the fact that man is a member of a community, that he is a gregarious animal. In dealing with man from this aspect Mr. Tansley puts the chief emphasis, quite rightly, in our opinion, on Mr. Trotter's exposition of the fundamental part played by the herd instinct. This exposition is, indeed, the necessary complement to the work done by the Freudian school, and is, in many respects, more important than that work. The total result of these new ideas is not merely to "degrade" man, as some people have hastily concluded. Man is, indeed, robbed of some of his pretensions, but at the same time an almost limitless increase in achievement and control is shown to be a possibility.

THE PAYCOCKES OF COGGESHALL. By Eileen Power. (Methuen. 5s. net.)—The authoress of this small and readable volume is remarkably successful in her quotations. The Paycockes were clothiers, on whose comparative importance she dwells perhaps a little too long, since we still stand in considerable awe of the men who clothe us; and the subject of wool leads her to discover an emotional passage even in the glacial John Gower: "O beautiful, O white, O delightful one, the love of you stings and binds." Presently she records how that great clothier, Thomas Doiman, retired from business, apparently dismissing all his employees, who went round Newbury with the dismal chorus:

Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,  
Thomas Dolman has built a new house and turned away all  
the spinners.

And when, about 1475, Thomas Paycocke was married, England was really Merry England: "The wedding endured ten dayes, to the great reliefe of the poor that dwelt all about." Thomas Paycocke is the great figure of the book. "A kind and benevolent employer . . . he was often asked to stand godfather to the babies of Coggeshall"; he left legacies to his workpeople, to churches and abbeys and for road repairs, and to the friars of Clare, in Suffolk, home of his forefathers, "at Lent after my deceste a kade of Rede heryng." Over the burying of this conservative yet reasonable old merchant, about five hundred pounds of modern money was expended. We cannot grudge him this; he appears to have been born for it. We must think of him as leaning on sundials in the evening, dreaming of the woolpack and shears which would some day adorn the brasses of the gallant family of Thomas Paycocke, Clothier.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE; FROM GALILEO TO BERGSON. By John Charlton Hardwick. (S.P.C.K. 8s. net.)—Mr. Hardwick has written an attractive and elementary account of the progress of scientific and philosophic thought from Galileo up to within a little of our own time. A work of this nature must almost inevitably appear tendentious and, in the later sections, the present book suffers rather obviously from this fault. By judicious selection the "progress" of philosophic speculation may be made to appear to converge towards any goal the author chooses. The goal chosen by Mr. Hardwick is a "spiritual" interpretation of the Universe, and it need

not be supposed that he has neglected the indications that point in other directions through any narrow or prejudiced spirit. He quite naturally gives a prominent place to those speculations which most interest him, and they are, of course, the speculations which tend towards the "spiritual" goal. Thus we have a little section on Bergson, but not on the criticism of Bergson. The bestowal of a "direction" on philosophic thought is always a purely arbitrary proceeding, and there is probably as much evidence for Mr. Hardwick's direction as there is for any other. The reader will find this book an agreeable and slightly untrustworthy account of the development of certain important scientific ideas.

## THE IMP OF MISCHIEF AND OTHER VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

By Olive Chandler. Illustrated in colour by Rachel Marshall. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)—Who are we, in our dull stolid seniority, that we should pass judgment on so delicate a thing as a child's play-book? Were we suddenly brought into a library full of unpublished poems by Shelley, John Donne, Vaughan the Silurist, and William Blake, we would, if in duty bound, attempt to weigh them in the balance: but faced with "The Imp of Mischief and Other Verses for Children," we feel with the young ladies in *Punch* that "this is so sudden." Our childhood days were doggedly against Fairies. Witches we ignored. Cats were part of the household; obviously they were unable to accompany midnight hags through the sky, had these ladies desired it. Mushrooms were familiar but who ever discovered an Imp lurking underneath?—And now we open a neat, an elegant volume where Fairies seem utterly at their ease, Imps steal books of magic in the most outrageous fashion, Witches put fairies in sacks and ride brooms through the rainy firmament, and Cats obviously find no difficulty in accompanying them. We yield, though we feel we are the victims of a trick. In such sprightly, care-for-nobody rhymes, in such enchanted (and coloured) drawings, with their convincing attitudes and perfect facial expressions, there must be some deception. The book is like one of those arguments, which conquer us with such force and finality that we still feel there must be a loophole. Children who are faithful to the Fairy King have here the chance to make a multitude of proselytes. It will be a clever and objectionable proselyte who presently finds the loophole.

FROM NEWTON TO EINSTEIN. By Benjamin Harrow, Ph.D. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)—In his preface the author states that his object is to give a popular account of Einstein's "contributions to our ideas of time and space, and to our knowledge of the Universe in general." We readily admit that the author has set himself a very hard task, and we agree that a very moderate degree of success is all we have a right to expect. But, in spite of our generous impulses, we must protest that Dr. Harrow's account is altogether too inadequate. The chapter on "Einstein" utterly fails to bring out the central conceptions of the Relativity Theory; it is not that the treatment is obscure; it is that very important points are slurred over, misstated, or ignored. The extremely elementary exposition aimed at by the author is probably incompatible with a presentation of the Relativity Theory which shall be even passably adequate. In that case we think it better to neglect elementary readers entirely. The "Facts about Einstein Himself" given by the author are as misleading as is his account of Einstein's Theory. Einstein was not born in Switzerland forty-five years ago. He was born in Ulm, Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1879. He is a naturalized, not a born, Swiss, and he went to Berlin from Zurich, not from Prague. These are minor points, but they lead us to suspect a habit of confident, but inaccurate, statement which is very out of place in an exposition of an intricate and subtle scientific theory.

## MARGINALIA

I HAVE always been interested in the subtleties of literary form. This preoccupation with the outward husk, with the letter of literature is, I dare say, the sign of a fundamental spiritual impotence. Gigadibs, the literary man, can understand the tricks of the trade; but when it is a question, not of conjuring, but of miracles, he is no more effective than Mr. Sludge. Still, conjuring is amusing to watch and to practise; an interest in the machinery of the art requires no further justification. I have dallied with many literary forms, taking pleasure in their different intricacies, studying the means by which great authors of the past have resolved the technical problems presented by each. Sometimes I have even tried my hand at solving the problems myself—delightful and salubrious exercise for the mind. And now I have discovered the most exciting, the most arduous literary form of all, the most difficult to master, the most pregnant in curious possibilities. I mean the advertisement.

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Nobody who has not tried to write an advertisement has any idea of the delights and difficulties presented by this form of literature—or shall I say of “applied literature,” for the sake of those who still believe in the romantic superiority of the pure, the disinterested, over the immediately useful? The problem that confronts the writer of advertisements is an immensely complicated one, as I have myself discovered in a recent experiment in this kind, and by reason of its very arduousness immensely interesting. It is far easier to write ten passably effective Sonnets, good enough to take in the not too inquiring critic, than one effective advertisement that will take in a few thousand of the uncritical buying public. The problem presented by the Sonnet is child’s play compared with the problem of the advertisement. In writing a Sonnet one need think only of oneself. If one’s readers find one boring or obscure, so much the worse for them. But in writing an advertisement one must think of other people. Advertisement writers may not be lyrical, or obscure, or in any way esoteric. They must be universally intelligible. A good advertisement has this in common with drama and oratory, that it must be immediately comprehensible and directly moving. But at the same time it must possess all the succinctness of epigram.

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The orator and the dramatist have “space enough and time” to produce their effects by cumulative appeals; they can turn all round their subject, they can repeat; between the heights of their eloquence they can gracefully practise the art of sinking, knowing that a period of flatness will only set off the splendour of their impassioned moments. But the advertiser has no space to spare; he pays too dearly for every inch. He must play upon the minds of his audience with a small and limited instrument. He must persuade them to part with their money in a speech that is no longer than many a lyric by Herrick. Could any problem be more fascinatingly difficult? No one should be allowed to talk about the *mot juste* or the polishing of style who has not tried his hand at writing an advertisement of something which the public does not want, but which it must be persuaded into buying. Your *boniment* must not exceed a poor hundred and fifty or two hundred words. With what care you must weigh every syllable! What infinite pains must be taken to fashion every phrase into a barbed hook that shall stick in the reader’s mind and draw from its hiding place within his pocket the reluctant coin! One’s style and ideas must be lucid and simple enough to be understood by all; but at the same time, they must not be vulgar. Elegance and an economical distinction are required; but any trace of literariness in an advertisement is fatal to its success.

I do not know whether anyone has yet written a history of advertising. If the book does not already exist it will certainly have to be written. The story of the development of advertising from its infancy in the early nineteenth century to its luxuriant maturity in the twentieth is an essential chapter in the history of democracy. Advertisement begins abjectly, crawling on its belly like the serpent after the primal curse. Its abjection is the oily humbleness of the shopkeeper in an oligarchical society. Those nauseating references to the nobility and clergy, which are the very staple of early advertisements, are only possible in an age when the aristocracy and its established Church effectively ruled the land. The custom of invoking these powers lingered on long after they had ceased to hold sway. It is now, I fancy, almost wholly extinct. It may be that certain old-fashioned girls’ schools still provide education for the daughters of the nobility and clergy; but I am inclined to doubt it. Advertisers still find it worth while to parade the names and escutcheons of kings. But anything less than royalty is, frankly, a “wash-out.”

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The crawling style of advertisement with its mixture of humble appeals to patrons and its hyperbolic laudation of the goods advertised, was early varied by the pseudo-scientific style, a simple development of the quack’s patter at the fair. Balzacians will remember the advertisement composed by Finot and the illustrious Gaudissard for César Birotteau’s “Huile Céphalique.” The type is not yet dead; we still see advertisements of substances, “based on the principles established by the Academy of Sciences,” substances known “to the ancients, the Romans, the Greeks and the nations of the North,” but lost and only rediscovered by the advertiser. The whole style and manner of these advertisements belonging to the early and middle periods of the Age of Advertisement continue to bear the imprint of the once despicable position of commerce. They are written with the impossible and insincere unctuousness of tradesmen’s letters. They are horribly uncultured; and when their writers aspire to something more ambitious than the counting-house style, they fall at once into the stilted verbiage of the self-taught learning. Some of the earlier efforts to raise the tone of advertisements are very curious. One remembers those remarkable full-page advertisements of Eno’s Fruit Salt, loaded with weighty apophthegms from Emerson, Epictetus, Zeno the Eleatic, Pomponazzi, Slawkenbergius and other founts of human wisdom. There was noble reading on these strange pages. But they shared with sermons the defect of being a little dull.

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The art of advertisement writing has flowered with democracy. The lords of industry and commerce came gradually to understand that the right way to appeal to the Free Peoples of the World was familiarly, in an honest man to man style. They perceived that exaggeration and hyperbole do not really pay, that charlatanry must at least have an air of sincerity. They confided in the public, they appealed to its intelligence in every kind of flattering way. The technique of the art became at once immensely more difficult than it had ever been before, until now the advertisement is, as I have already hinted, one of the most interesting and difficult of modern literary forms. Its potentialities are not yet half explored. Already the most interesting and, in some cases, the only readable part of the vast majority of American periodicals is the advertisement section. What does the future hold in store? Some day I hope to make some more detailed observations on contemporary advertising and to note the subtle and significant details that differentiate the advertisements of England from those of America; and of both from the richly characteristic advertisements of France.

AUTOLYCUS.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

WE feel tempted to fall back on the consecrated phrase that Mr. Robert Barr's reputation will gain little from his volume of short stories entitled "The Helping Hand" (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net). The scene ranges, as once before, over two continents, and the time over four centuries. The subjects include two hitherto unrecorded incidents in the lives respectively of Oliver Cromwell and George the Third. The title story, a humorous tale of a highbrow critic (employed on the *Weekly Acropolis*) who writes best sellers under a pseudonym, is perhaps the most successful of the collection. Next in order we should place "An International Arrangement," an up-to-date version of the Christmas Carol, in which the principal parts are sustained by an American millionaire and an idealistic English college tutor. In "The Sad Story of the Second Brother" and "The Bank Manager," Mr. Barr carries the modern assumption of elusiveness to a degree which leaves us uncertain as to the meaning he desires to convey. The fierce realism apparent in some of this author's earlier work finds no place in these pages, which are pervaded by the peaceful and fantastic atmosphere characteristic of much latter-day Transatlantic fiction.

In "A Variety Entertainment," by Sophie Cole (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net), we have about the same number of stories but strung together upon a connecting thread. Miss Cole has, in fact, sought to revive the old convention of a society which assembles for the purpose of story-telling. The club of the "Stick in the Muds," requiring failure, literary or otherwise, as a qualification for membership, owes perhaps something to Walter Besant, and something also to fact, since associations of this kind are not unknown in reality. But personal experience would lead us to conjecture that the entertainment provided at such gatherings is mostly of an inferior quality to that which is offered us here. The author seems much engrossed with a theme described, we think, by Meredith as the plucking of the Autumn primrose; with the development, that is, of a fresh interest (not in her view necessarily connected with love) in lives which have long been stale and unprofitable. Her treatment of the delicate issues sometimes involved is always sympathetic, but in no way exclusive of a quiet humour.

The heroine of "Churstons," by Paul Trent (Ward Lock & Co., 7s. net), is a highly skilled aviator who, not content with her achievements in the air, aspires to a business career as maker on a large scale of aeroplanes. In technical knowledge and acumen she proves herself equal to the undertaking, but is handicapped by insufficient experience and also by faults of temper. A still greater difficulty arises from her relations with the manager of the works, a strong and not always silent genius impatient of female control. In the duel which ensues the man shows even more brutality and the woman perhaps more spirit than is usual in a situation much affected by novelists. But the happy solution of mutual conquest and concession is reached in the end. The story, though improbable in its details and not based on an original conception derives freshness and charm from the manner in which it is told, and all the characters, not excepting the recalcitrant manager, are well presented.

Unlike the three preceding items on our list, "The Ivory Fan" by Adrian Heard (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), is a first novel. The style has an ease and fluency unusual in these circumstances, but the story shows something of that audacity which we associate with inexperienced authorship. The heroine, a girl of eighteen brought up in an old-fashioned and very unhappy home, light-heartedly decides on spending a winter in the Riviera with a popular actor who does not offer her marriage and with whom she is not in love. This absence of passion is likely to place the young lady in an unsympathetic light from the standpoint of most readers who will scarcely be inclined to accept as an equivalent her anxiety to see life. On relapsing into respectability, moreover, she makes apparently no difficulty about retaining the magnificent presents which her now discredited lover (the possessor, we must explain, of considerable private means), has poured out at her feet. The best part of the book is, in our opinion, that which contains the record of her early troubles. On the whole, we must reckon this a promising first novel.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

WE will now give some examples of the harsh critical treatment to which John Keats was subjected. *Blackwood*, the *Quarterly*, and the *British Critic* were the worst offenders. John Wilson Croker, in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1818, had thus delivered himself in reference to "Endymion," but the review did not appear until September:

Reviewers have been sometimes accused of not reading the works which they affected to criticize. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work . . . we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. . . . It is not that Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody), it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of sense—he has all these; but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry; which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. Of this school Mr. Leigh Hunt . . . aspires to be the hierophant. . . . This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype. . . . He cannot indeed write a sentence, but perhaps he may be able to spin a line. . . . But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte.—If anyone should be bold enough to purchase this "Poetic Romance," and so much more patient, than ourselves, as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavour to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers.

Scathing ridicule and mordant satire were the weapons used against Keats in June, 1818, by the *British Critic*:

"This" ["Endymion"], declares the anonymous scribe, "is the most delicious poem, of its kind, which has fallen within our notice, and if Mr. Leigh Hunt had never written, we believe we might have pronounced it to be *sui generis* without fear of contradiction. That gentleman, however, has talked so much about 'daisies and daffodils, clover and sweet peas, blossomings and lushness,' that we fear Mr. Keats must be content to share but half the laurel, provided always, and we can conscientiously assert it, that the disciple be recognized as not one whit inferior to his mighty master."

Then, after four and a half pages expressive of vitriolic contempt, the writer concludes:

We do most solemnly assure our readers that this poem, containing 4,074 lines, is printed on very nice hot-pressed paper, and sold for nine shillings by a very respectable London bookseller. Moreover, that the author has put his name in the title page, and told us, that though he is something between man and boy, he means by and by to be "plotting and fitting himself for verses fit to live." We think it necessary to add that it is all written in rhyme, and, for the most part (when there are syllables enough), in the heroic couplet.

The notorious and scandalous "gallipots article," for which John Gibson Lockhart was mainly responsible, appeared in *Blackwood* for August, 1818.

Not less venomous were Lockhart's "Extracts from Mr. Wastle's Diary," which in the same magazine, two years later (September, 1820), bore reference to Leigh Hunt, Keats, and to the latest poems by the latter:

*Hunt's Indicators*. Aug. 13. . . I am of opinion that in spite of all their absurdities, the Cockney writers will really be known to have existed a considerable number of years hence. . . . Only think of a sensible man, about the year 1920, reading a dissertation, by a little vulgar Sunday-paper writing of 1820, on the propriety of calling children by *fine* names.

Lockhart was unfortunate in choosing one of Hunt's essays that is still widely and deservedly read. He continues:

Aug. 16. It is a pity that this young man, John Keats, author of "Endymion," and some other poems, should have belonged to the Cockney school—for he is evidently possessed of talents that, under better direction, might have done very considerable things. As it is, he bids fair to sink himself entirely beneath such a mass of affectation, conceit, and Cockney pedantry, as I never expected to see heaped together by any body, except the Great Founder of the School. . . . There is much merit in some of the stanzas of Mr. Keats' last volume, which I have just seen; no doubt he is a fine feeling lad—and I hope he will live to despise Leigh Hunt, and be a poet—After the fashion of the elder men of England—

If he wants to see the story of the Lamia, which he has spoiled in one sense, and adorned in another—told with real truth and beauty, and explained at once with good sense and imagination, let him look to Weiland's [sic] life of Peregrinus Proteus, vol. first, I think.



## LITERARY GOSSIP

Perhaps we are on the eve of a new vogue of the essay. A publisher tells me that he is becoming more and more nervous of the would-be popular novel, the sales of which, when they stop, stop with a vengeance. For himself, he would far rather handle a good book of essays. It might do nothing sensational at the first; but in a year's time he would have the satisfaction of knowing that it would still be trickling out, if only at the rate of a half-dozen copies a week.

Moreover the publisher could fix the price of a book of essays at a figure more remunerative to himself and the author than that of a novel. The price of a novel is unofficially but quite definitely fixed by the bookseller, who is quite convinced that there is no chance for a novel above a certain price. He has no such views on books of other kinds. How far these views are shared by the generality of publishers, I cannot say; but the thought that the essay may be coming into its own again delights me greatly.

For desultory reading—and who of ordinary mortals nowadays can find the occasion for any other—commend me to a book of essays. For reading in bed nothing can approach the essay. Let it not be too much up in the air, or too pedestrian. Essays in criticism with a fairly liberal allowance of quotation for preference. I always have time to finish one essay before I go to sleep, and as likely as not one of those quotations will stick in my mind till the morning. I have the satisfaction of believing—I am no Freudian—that my subconscious mind has been at work on it during the night. Doing what with it?

My friend the publisher also told me that the old prejudice against volumes of short stories was breaking down. Again, I was delighted. But when I hinted that such volumes were pretty scarce still, his reply was instructive. He said that he believed that most of the writers of short stories for the popular magazines were positively ashamed to see their productions collected. He also said that writers of good short stories were the rarest of birds. There were, however, one or two. I cannot name them because, to my intense gratification, they turned out to be two of the regular contributors of stories to these pages.

A suggestion was made recently at the meeting of the Library Association that lorries might be used to carry circulating libraries into outlying districts: that they should have regular rounds, with stocks of books, and with facilities for accepting orders at each village and in due course for delivering the volumes required. This is the old theory of the book-pedlar brought up to date.

Even that old theory is still in practice. The newspapers a few days since described the work of an ex-officer, who with commendable enterprise visits the village greens with a supply of books, announcing himself (like the oilman) by means of a bell. This is a link with a feature of life in the country a century since:

The bookman comes—  
The little boy lets home-close nesting go,  
And pockets tops and taws, where daisies blow,  
To look at the new number just laid down,  
With lots of pictures, and good stories too,  
And Jack the Giant-killer's high renown.

A note in these columns, on July 2, referred to "The Bicentenary Record of the *Northampton Mercury*, which gives a pleasant survey of book-hawking (a business long combined with the sale of pills and medicines). The

pedlar also carried ballads, which were immensely popular. Wordsworth's "We are Seven," for instance, at a penny reached a large audience who never suspected him of having written anything besides.

Few if any of us would dare give a definite judgment on the exact value of contemporary or recent writers. Well-schooled, and in any case unwilling to go into the matter, we avoid comparisons. But there are exceptions. From a bookseller's catalogue I have collected the following perfectly simple dicta:

Binyon (R.L.) Original MSS. of Four Poems and an A.L.S.	£4 10s.
Buchanan (Robert) MS. of an Article "What is a Tragedy," 2 pp., 4to	10s. 6d.
Gale (Norman) MS. of an Article on "Roden Noel," 6 pp., folio	10s. 6d.
Le Gallienne (Richard) MS. of an Article on "William Leighton," 4 pp., 4to	21s.
Phillips (Stephen) Original MSS. of two Poems, 3½ pp., 4to	£3 3s.

All that is necessary now is a slight mathematical calculation, and we have before us a ready-made chart of reputations.

The curious format of some volumes of poetry often impresses me more than the contents. One type, originally American I believe, is very tall and broad, crammed with poetry in small niggling print almost as thick as an egg with meat. Fifty lines to a page is normal in this case. Another and less reasonable type, almost as tall and broad, and with scarcely larger print, is practically a blank book, except that

like a knot of cowslips on a cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand,

a versicle or even a sonnet catches the eye in the upper third of the page.

Messrs. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Ltd., of 83-91, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1, hitherto known as the publishers of medical and scientific works, announce that they will now produce in addition books of fiction and general literature.

Mr. Murray will publish shortly a volume by M. Henri Cordier, editor of Yule's "Marco Polo," supplementing that work, and including new material discovered in recent travel and research. The same publisher announces a novel of the stage, entitled "The Fourth Dimension," by Mr. Horace A. Vachell.

On another page Miss Opal Whiteley's "Diary" is reviewed. It was originally, of course, printed in chalk and lead pencil on innumerable odd scraps of paper, which have been torn up and pieced together again. A "literary miracle"? I seem to remember a poem of very considerable length, called "Song to David," by Christopher Smart. "Wrote," was the original description, "by him on the walls of his madhouse with a key." Even in the credulous world (we have of course advanced) of 1763 there appeared some ill-bred critic who asked what a maniac was doing with a key in his possession. Another quoted,

Is there who shut from ink and paper scrawls  
With hideous charcoal on his darkened walls?

Others asked how much wall space was allotted to each patient. Genius however has curious predilections. Coleridge is now known to have written a sonnet on a piece of sea-weed; all poets favour the backs of envelopes and bills for the first depositions of new inspiration; and Tom Sawyer wrote his confessions on a sliver of bark.

## Science ASSUMPTIONS

IT has been remarked that man's senses were given him, not to philosophize with, but to help him in the struggle for existence; Boltzmann, the great German physicist, was frankly distrustful of many of the natural motions of the mind. He could admit that Science, although often very abstract, had a certain validity, since it issues in the prediction of events which are accessible to sense perception. But philosophy, he insisted, was in an altogether different case, and he thought the chances considerable that its impalpable conclusions were the merest moonshine. It is a speculation that must have exercised everyone who has whole-heartedly accepted the evolutionary account of the rise of intelligence. Why should this instrument be adapted to other than its original uses? Doubts of this kind, however, are both too vague and too comprehensive to serve any useful purpose. They do not tell us in what way and to what extent our intelligence is untrustworthy; they do not enable us to make one step towards drawing up an Index of Forbidden Subjects. At the most they enable a man with a constitutional dislike of philosophic speculations to indulge his contempt for that occupation with an easy conscience. Nevertheless, a tincture of this doubt is very wholesome, and more particularly if it be the result of an acquaintance with the history of human thought rather than the product of a kind of lazy *à priori* scepticism. A student of the history of science, for instance, is inevitably led to reflect on the curious nature of the barriers to further advance which the mind itself has set up. It is as if the mind could only take exercise within some imaginary prisoner's yard, and that the great advances were really the result of liberations. These liberations are only partial; the mythical boundaries are set a little further off, but it is agreed that the high walls exist.

It is interesting to review the progress of Science from this point of view, to see it as a gradual secession from unwarrantable assumptions. The exceedingly cautious, the almost groping character, of the advance of knowledge, becomes very apparent. And, although such a survey may lead us to become very conscious of this particular mental limitation, we are not one whit nearer being enfranchised. It is still the prerogative of genius to be innocent, to turn surprised eyes on one of our most arbitrary assumptions, and to say: But that is not necessary. The history of Astronomy, of course, provides some of the best examples of mental prison yards. That the planets must move in circles because the circle is the perfect figure is an assumption now sufficiently remote from our acquired sense of probability to seem exceedingly strange. That it was an assumption possessing a high degree of obviousness is apparent from the fact that even Copernicus did not question it. The attempt to enter into this assumption, to see it as obviously reasonable, would be a useful exercise for the historian, since it involves, very largely, a reconstitution of the mental life of that age. It acquired its obvious character from the fact that it *fit in*; it was the natural companion of a great number of other equally obvious assumptions; it was not an isolated eccentricity of the mind. It is for that reason that Copernicus never freed himself from it, and that Kepler only succeeded after a difficult struggle. Kepler was required to question not merely an isolated doctrine, but to escape from a veritable *Zeitgeist*. The Inquisitorial examination of Galileo, also, was not directed merely to correcting the erroneous statement of an isolated fact; it was, in truth, a whole system of thought that stood on trial. It is this double aspect of any given

abandoned assumption that accounts for our unimaginative surprise on learning that very intelligent men once mistook it for an obvious truth. We are judging the assumption, not on its own merits, as it were, but from the standpoint of an alien system of thought.

We can form a juster estimate of the degree of credulity manifested by the contemporaries of Copernicus by considering assumptions that have been but recently questioned, or rather, which have only recently been generally questioned. The assumptions regarding animal psychology form a vivid example. Such men as Darwin and Romanes found it quite natural to assume that the emotions and many of the intellectual processes of which they were conscious in themselves furnished an adequate key to animal behaviour. It is an assumption which the average educated man of to-day makes quite readily, although he may not share Aristotle's views on the perfection of circles. We now know that there is no reason whatever to suppose, for example, that the psychology of snails has the slightest resemblance to the psychology of human beings. We may be confident that, in a very few years, the assumptions of Darwin and most other people will appear almost inexplicably gratuitous. It will take longer, we think, for the Freudian ideas about man himself to become acclimatized; man will take a long time to learn that in trusting his immediate awareness of himself he is making a number of unwarrantable assumptions. The system of thought into which his present assumptions fit is so profound and extensive that it is impossible, even now, to picture the thoroughly enfranchised man.

A general acceptance of the Einsteinian ideas of space and time is easier to predict. The current conceptions of space and time, although Euclidean when reduced to a logical scheme are not, in fact, present as a logical scheme in the mind of the ordinary man. He is sufficiently vague about his fundamental assumptions to offer no strenuous resistance to their subtle modification. We think that part of his general bewilderment about Einstein's space and time is due to his bewilderment on thinking about space and time at all. His assumptions on these questions, whatever those assumptions may be, are not really part of a general scheme of beliefs. Nothing that greatly concerns him is incompatible with non-Euclidean geometry, and we confidently expect that the grandchildren of the ordinary man will as blandly believe they have swallowed Einstein as the contemporary ordinary man believes he has swallowed Euclid. For an assumption which is not an integral part of a general scheme of thought is readily abandoned. It is the lopping of connections which the mind resists. It is no paradox to say that the mathematician and philosopher finds it harder to accept Einstein than does the ordinary man. That is because the mathematician's acceptance involves both believing more and disbelieving more.

S.

THE INDUSTRIAL CLINIC. Edited by Professor Edgar L. Collis. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson. 10s. 6d. net.)—The great impetus given by the war to industrial medicine is already bearing fruit in the increased attention now being paid to the welfare of workers in general. Never was there more urgent need than at the present time for health in industry, and in the nine chapters of this book the different aspects of factory and workshop life are discussed by various writers who are specialists in their own spheres. In connection with the prevention of industrial fatigue Dr. H. M. Vernon shows that the introduction of a brief interval for rest and refreshment acts in the direction of increasing output rather than of diminishing it, and he quotes Loveday to the effect that "work before breakfast gives inferior output, lowers health, and leads to great loss of time, as the first short spell is so frequently missed." As a handbook dealing with health in work, this volume will take a high place.

## Fine Arts

### TRADITION AND THE THIRD DIMENSION.

THE enormous effort which is being made by contemporary thought to get clear about its doubts, to stabilize its judgments and find a living and fecund pictorial formula is revealed by the continuous appearance of books and articles on art, even more than by the disordered manifestations in the exhibitions of 1919 and 1920.

The Cubist painter, intellectual and theoretician (I will not say ideologist) who was despised and ridiculed before the war is to-day, if not better understood, at least listened to and discussed. He is taken seriously and is asked for his reasons. Serious people, professors even, who cannot be suspected of any weakness in favour of young artists, are ready to solicit explanations from him, and their rejoinders, severe though they be, seem to me more valuable and encouraging than the illogical cries of admiration uttered by certain of our friends.

Some of my readers may be astonished to find M. André Michel or M. Henri Longnon recognizing the genuine foundation of our aims—though they still quarrel with our technique—and abandoning the impotent official artists to their fate.

"It is, in fact, possible to distinguish an intellectual influence, which has presumably the same direction as the political and moral reactions, directed, that is to say, towards the ranging of things in their proper places, towards a return to an order which is now felt to be the necessity of the future. . . . And the first evidences of this evolution are as unlikely to be found at the Salon of the *Société Nationale* as at the Salon of the *Artistes français*."

This hard judgment of M. Henri Longnon is definitive. The bankruptcy of the official Salons is now admitted by the least daring spirits, and *Le Temps* has solemnly chronicled their ostracism. And as the productions of the official schools are definitely isolated, without any connection with any spiritual tendency, there remain at the moment only two possible lines of thought in art: on the one hand the Impressionist ideal—adhered to by the bad imitators of Cézanne, the lazy disciples of Sisley and Monet, and those *fauves* who have become enamoured of their comfortable cages—and on the other the Cubist ideal which unites all the painters who renounce direct statement. On the one hand we have a credo in instinct, in natural talent unchecked by any fetters, the negation, in short, of all principles, complete innovation, anarchy; on the other a respect for rules and a search for traditional principles. And it was inevitable that there would be a meeting and an agreement on the foundations, if not on the form of the structure, between the Cubists and certain "conservatives" who were willing, for the sake of an idea, to shut their eyes to what they will consider for some time yet as departures from pictorial language.

Among the works written in elucidation of modern art I should like to draw your attention to the painter Albert Gleizes' pamphlet "Cubism and how to understand it." This little book contains a short historical account of the present movement, indicating well the quasi-external æsthetic necessity which the new painters obeyed blindly in the beginning. After reference to the smoke-screen of contradictory, childish and pretentious ideas with which some of our innovators sought to cover themselves, the author expresses accurately in a few excellent axioms the more lucid aspirations of present day Cubists. The illustrations to the book might possibly have been better chosen. They do not seem to me sufficiently convincing for a book which is designed to have a certain educational

value. Moreover, if the lofty intransigence of this convinced Cubist demands the elimination from the book of reproductions of less abstract works—works which M. Gleizes would call less positive—I cannot understand why Madame Maria Blanchard has been overlooked; for she is an artist who is insufficiently known, and the uncompromising Cubism of her present manner is justified by previous productions of singular mastery. The omission is doubtless a mere oversight; for it would be well if all pronouncements on æsthetics by contemporary artists or art critics emanated from minds as free from friendly bias and petty spite as the mind of M. Gleizes.

From among the replies from our courteous adversaries I propose to select M. Henri Longnon's article in the *Revue Universelle*, May 1, for this article (which criticizes certain utterances of my own) forms a most instructive contrast to M. Gleizes' book. Here we have two different mentalities, interested, mark you, in the same results, but widely separated when the question arises of the means to be adopted to secure them. M. Longnon says:

"The great interest of the Cubist school consists in the fact that it has revived the taste for theory among the painters."

and:

"Before art can be raised to the dignity of an intellectual expression it must start as a craft where the concept of the work to be done is regulated by specific technique."

and again:

"... this objective reconstruction of the exterior world which is, I imagine, finally the goal of the new school; for I assume that M. Lhote and I agree in regarding this reconstruction as the essential basis of all attempts to revive the art of painting."

These are M. Longnon's own words attesting a certain common basis of ideas upon which it would seem easy for both of us to erect parallel constructions from our several angles of departure. But alas! as soon as it comes to choosing the material for the structure, as soon, in fact, as we leave the domain of ideas and pass to the domain of realization—we find further agreement impossible.

Let us hear what M. Gleizes has to say about "the technical discovery or adaptation" with which, according to M. Longnon "all great conquests march cheek by jowl." M. Gleizes says:

"Painting is the art of animating a flat surface. A flat surface is a world of two dimensions. Its reality consists in these two dimensions. To attempt to invest it with a third dimension is to desire to alter its essential nature,"

and elsewhere:

"Is it not unreasonable to expect a picture placed next to things of three dimensions to continue these three dimensions by an optical illusion—instead of remaining itself? The truth is that the business of the painter is to give two-dimensional life to three-dimensional reality—not to recall the three dimensions on the flat surface by any system of interpretation."

But M. Longnon says:

"Any given form in nature possesses three dimensions: height, breadth and thickness; and art, in order to express this form in its essential qualities, must give the impression of these three dimensions,"

and further on:

"The material with which Ingres worked may be as capable as any other of expressing the height and breadth of objects (though it expresses them in a less beautiful way than other materials) but it is incapable of evoking the third dimension, relief and depth, and hence it abolishes volume, an essential element of plastic sensuality. As a result of this abolition the new forms revealed by Ingres make only a two-dimensional appeal and the absence of relief and depth makes them seem paradoxical, mutilated even. What value *per se* can there be in an analysis of form carried out by such a method and by such means?"

I have made a point of quoting at length in order to make clear the immensity of the gulf which now separates minds which may be called related. Faced with such



examples there are some who will deplore the present confusion. But for my part I rejoice in it and see in it a stimulus for emulation; and I appreciate the amount of effort which will be needed to elucidate—not by empty words but by convincing works—a problem the vast proportions of which are indicated in these opposing texts.

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I must beg the reader's permission to delay a little over this capital question of the third dimension, in an attempt to demonstrate the nature and extent of the labour and sacrifices which enabled Cézanne to suggest depth instead of imitating it. If I succeed in this I may shake in some degree our distinguished adversaries' confidence in out-of-date techniques.

The first reason brought forward by M. Longnon for the restoration of depth to painting is of a realistic order. Nature offers three dimensions: it is therefore necessary to represent her in these three dimensions. I might object that Nature is one thing and a picture another, or say with Richard Wagner that "art begins where nature leaves off." But I prefer, adopting less pretentious language, to enunciate the following proposition: Is it not possible to express depth by any but literal means? Can we not give the *equivalent* of the third dimension? May we not grant to the painter in this particular that right to express by suggestion which we grant to the poet in the very name of truth? Cannot depth be realized in the mind of the spectator rather than on the canvas? Cannot the distance between the various coloured surfaces, which have different degrees of depth by reason of colour vibration, be exploited more eloquently and mysteriously than by the mechanical gradations dictated conventionally by the laws of aerial perspective? To take a single example: Giotto reduced depth to a minimum, but is he less great, less beautiful than the perspective experts of the following century?

The second argument adduced by M. Longnon in condemnation of the Cubist technique is based on an analysis of "traditional" methods. But, to begin with, how is the tradition revealed to us? By the museums. But do we find there an unalterable technique? Of course, as a matter of fact, I know quite well that what M. Longnon means by traditional technique is simply the technique of the Renaissance. I yield to no one in my veneration of the gods of that epoch, the Venetians and Rubens, and I do not imagine that I am detracting in any way from their glory when I say that their art (which has since become traditional) was at the outset as anti-traditional as one can well imagine, in flagrant contradiction, in fact, with the art of the primitives. A critic of M. Longnon's severity might with justice have reproached Rubens for being a revolutionary, renouncing the admirable tradition of Van Eyck. How could Rubens have defended himself? Perhaps only by some remark like Remy de Gourmont's irreverent: "Tradition! tradition! Everything has a beginning, even tradition." And so, when M. Longnon, who sees in Ingres, just as I do, the father of Cubism, declares that Ingres' technique was "a reversal of accepted practice," it does not constitute a reflection on the merits of the painter of the "Odalisque" but rather a recognition of his undoubted claim to be regarded as a reconstructor. For the artist who was called Gothic in a period of romantic decadence is surely more worthy of the veneration of every true traditionalist than any other figure of his time.

The Renaissance violated every law of the flat, mural, architectural, precise, perfect two-dimensional art of the primitives. The art of the sixteenth century was founded on a schism; the painters effected "a reversal of the accepted practice." And now the moment has come for us to signal in our turn the exhaustion of their formulæ.

The official school encourages notoriously miserable productions. MM. Emile Bernard and Armand Point who are as cultured as men can be, and of impeccable purity of intention, have and hold the secrets of that section of the Louvre selected by our critics; but they can no longer interest even the amateurs of faked pictures. These signs of decrepitude announce the end of a historical period and the imminence of a Revolution.

I know that we cannot achieve our revolution *over the top* of the Renaissance, and this is where I differ from my friend Gleizes, a partisan of a return pure and simple to the Gothic, even the Romance ideal. This program would be undoubtedly excessive. A civilization cannot shake itself free so rapidly and lightly from the habits it has acquired. To forget entirely the beauties of the Renaissance would mean a sacrifice as cruel as it would be useless. It is impossible to completely destroy that which has been adored so long. A sudden rupture would indicate a great sterility in feeling. The sentimental obstacles, which M. Gleizes denounces as the only impediments to our complete liberation, the tergiversations, the remorse, the fears, the shame constitute a baptism of pain for our works, and will dower them with mystery and a soul. We shall reach our ideal, we shall rediscover the simplicity of the primitives, but we shall do it by passing back *through* the Renaissance, of which we still retain something in spite of ourselves in our eye and hand; a certain free and rapid way of working, a certain love of the flesh, and—to be quite frank—a certain scepticism and lack of humility.

But why seek a supple and complex formula for our effort? Will it not suffice to say with M. Longnon or M. André Michel "Yes, we wish to model ourselves on our last masters, the masters of the Renaissance," and to add: "but we shall not imitate their works"? For just as a child follows its father by drawing inspiration from his former conduct, and not by imitating his little peculiarities in later life, we shall follow the masters who are nearest to us, in lucid emulation, making once again—not the pictures which they made, but their initial gesture of revolt. And as their gesture was such a daring denial of the past, let us have the courage in our turn to reject as far as possible the past of which they are now the representatives. We must behave, as far as possible, towards them as they behaved to the primitives. That is the real tradition. A sedulous, conscious, keen revolt leading not to complete liberation but to a subjection to new rules—or to the most ancient rules of all, which comes to the same thing, *puisque tout recommence*.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

## MISS HOPE'S GIFT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE nation has every reason to be grateful to Miss H. S. Hope for the delightful example of the art of George Stubbs "Lady and Gentleman in a Curricie" which she has presented to the National Gallery. George Stubbs is, perhaps, best known as the author of the monumental work on "The Anatomy of the Horse" (which he published in 1766 with plates drawn from nature and engraved by himself) and by the, surely fantastic, legend that he carried, unaided, the whole carcass of a horse up a flight of stairs to his dissecting room. But he was also an excellent artist whose work is little seen because the majority is, we believe, still in the houses of the nobility and gentry for whom it was originally painted. For Stubbs specialized in portraits of horses and equestrian portraits which made an irresistible appeal to lovers of horseflesh and were at the same time, as we can see from Miss Hope's picture, quite beautifully painted in the clear and glittering technique of the early eighteenth century. He was, in fact, an important figure in the history of English painting, who stands between Hogarth and Morland; and it is no exaggeration to say that what there is of fine painting in Morland was due to his example.

R. H. W.

## Music

### BACH AND A COMMENTATOR

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: HIS LIFE, ART AND WORK; translated from the German of Johann Nikolaus Forkel. With notes and appendices by Charles Sanford Terry, Litt.D. (Constable & Co., 1920. 21s.)

A CERTAIN gentleman well known in bibliographical circles was once happily summed up by one of his colleagues as "a man with a genius for getting things into alphabetical order." To this type belongs Dr. Sanford Terry, who, under the pretext of giving us an accurate translation of Forkel's *Life of Bach*, has produced one of those delightful books which consist almost entirely of footnotes, catalogues, genealogical tables and indexes. Yet it is not to be classed among *biblia abiblia*. To such Forkel's original might well belong, but certainly not Dr. Terry's accretions upon it. It recalls that great institution which Georg Brandes once compared to some marine mollusc whose exquisite shell remains a thing of beauty long after its slimy architect has shrivelled into dust. As a biography of Bach, Forkel's *Life* was hardly worth retranslating. It was translated into English in 1820, as part of Samuel Wesley's English propaganda for the works of Bach, by one "Mr. Stephenson the Banker, a most zealous and scientific member of our fraternity," as Wesley described him. Mr. Stephenson, according to Dr. Terry, seems to have understood very little German and very little about music; his abilities as a banker may be judged by the fact that his firm went bankrupt in 1829, after he himself had absconded to America. There was good reason for translating Forkel in 1820, for at that date it was the only life of Bach in existence; it was too a comparatively new book, having been published in Germany in 1802. As to its merits in the light of modern scholarship Dr. Terry himself has very little to say in its favour. It is due solely to his monograph on Bach that Forkel is remembered at all. He was a personal friend of Bach's two distinguished sons, Wilhelm Friedemann and Carl Philipp Emmanuel, but "appears to have lacked curiosity regarding the circumstances of Bach's career, and to have made no endeavour to add to his imperfect information, even regarding his hero's life at Leipzig, upon which it should have been easy for him to obtain details of utmost interest." Out of the biographical details which Forkel does give us, a good many are subjected by Dr. Terry to severe commonsense criticism. He admits that Forkel's book is not to be regarded as a biography, but as a critical appreciation of Bach as a musician. Dr. Terry, in his admirable introduction, describes Forkel as being "diligent in quest of Bach's scattered MSS.," but two pages later states that "with unrivalled opportunities to acquaint himself with the dimensions of Bach's industry, [he] knew little of his music except the Organ and Clavier compositions."

Forkel's book, therefore, is reduced to a criticism of these works; but even in this limited capacity his translator has little praise for him.

It would be little profitable to weigh the value of Forkel's criticism. We are tempted to the conclusion that Bach appealed to him chiefly as a supreme master of technique, and our hearts would open to him more widely did not his appreciation of Bach march with a narrow depreciation of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, the last of whom he declared *ex cathedra* had not produced "a single work which can be called a masterpiece." Gluck he frankly detested.

That Forkel should have detested Gluck does not seem at all unreasonable in view of his devotion to Bach, and especially to Bach as a composer of fugues. The value of his pronouncement on the subject of Beethoven depends rather upon the date at which it was made. Hoffmeister and Kühnel, the Leipzig publishers for whom Forkel wrote

his study of Bach, were the original publishers of the Septet, the First Symphony and the Sonata in B flat, Op. 22, just in the same year (1802) as Forkel's book. Was it on these that he formed his adverse judgment? It may be suspected, however, that at the bottom of Forkel's mind there was a strong strain of that bitter jealousy which the North German musicians of the classical period always felt towards the Viennese. It may well be asked why Dr. Terry, after all these disparaging admissions, should have taken the trouble to translate Forkel at all. His reason seems to be contained in the following illuminating paragraph:

But Forkel's monograph is notable on other grounds. It was the first to claim for Bach a place among the divinities. It used him to stimulate a national sense in his own people. Bach's is the first great voice from out of Germany since Luther. Of Germany's own Risorgimento, patiently initiated by Goethe a generation after Johann Sebastian's death, Bach himself is the harbinger. In his assertion of a distinctive German musical art he set an example followed in turn by Mozart, Weber and Wagner. "With Bach," wrote Wagner, "the German spirit was born anew." It is Forkel's perpetual distinction that he grasped a fact hidden from almost all but himself. In his Preface, and more emphatically in the closing paragraph of his last Chapter, he presents Bach as the herald of a German nation yet unborn.

We have already noted Forkel's contempt for the school of Vienna. The original title of his book, "Ueber Johann Sebastian Bachs Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke. Für patriotische Verehrer echter musikalischer Kunst," leads naturally to the exhortation in the preface which impresses on "every true German heart" the duty of subscribing to Messrs. Hoffmeister and Kühnel's proposed edition of Bach's collected works. The closing paragraph to which Dr. Terry refers runs as follows:

This man, the greatest orator-poet that ever addressed the world in the language of music, was a German! Let Germany be proud of him! Yes, proud of him, but worthy of him too!

Forkel's commentary on Bach illuminates Forkel, and Dr. Terry's commentary on Forkel illuminates Dr. Terry. To Forkel's patriotic enthusiasm he adds an enthusiasm for German hymnology and a whole-hearted devotion to Martin Luther. He, too, has a concluding paragraph to his extremely learned and valuable notes on the *libretti* of the Church-cantatas, in which he sums Bach up as a great artist and a great Protestant. Only three of the really great composers have gone down to posterity as primarily composers of sacred music—Palestrina, Bach and Handel; and only one of the three was a Catholic.

However great the importance which may be attached either to patriotism or to Protestantism, the patriotic paragraphs in Forkel's book hardly justify the translation of the whole. It would have been quite sufficient to quote them as has been done here. But Dr. Terry seems to belong to something like Samuel Wesley's "fraternity," to that group of musicians in England who are so devout in their worship of Bach that they will have no other gods at all. There is a certain type of organist who says with an air of lofty aloofness from this world of sin, "The more I play Bach the more I feel that I never want to play anyone else." Some researchers are interested only in the exploration of untouched graves; Dr. Terry is one of those who prefers reverently to lay his handful of stones on the already high-piled cairn of memorial scholarship. He can be sceptical towards Forkel, but he is not malicious enough to have set him up merely as a target for learned and biting *adversaria*. Forkel wrote about Bach, therefore it is worth while to write about Forkel. After all, Forkel's text takes up only about a quarter of Dr. Terry's book; the rest is an extremely valuable collection of learned information. It is a pity that Dr. Terry's mental attitude appears to be—shall I say?—that of a creeper on a ruin. We badly need in English a book on Bach somewhat after the lines of the French monographs on composers. The translation of Spitta is

for most people too big; Parry's study of Bach is barely intelligible unless one has the complete Bach-Gesellschaft edition in the same room and can turn up immediately each score as he refers to it. Writers like Michel Brenet and Romain Rolland could be trusted to sum up the results of the latest scientific research, for they were practised researchers themselves, and at the same time they could present their subject with a really human feeling for biography and an artist's capacity for critical analysis. To such an ideal Dr. Terry has not aspired; but if any future writer should attempt to write such a book as I have indicated, he will find Dr. Terry's materials indispensable.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

NOVELTIES at the Proms. are not having much luck this year. Pizzetti's new suite was withdrawn recently owing to some difficulty about hiring the parts, and last Tuesday Henry F. Gilbert's Symphonic Prologue, "Riders to the Sea," was also withdrawn, without explanation. This was a disappointment, for the piece is well spoken of by those who have made its acquaintance, and the subject is one that has always seemed to cry out for musical treatment. In the circumstances, the only course open was to wait on and see, or rather hear, what time had done for "Don Quixote," which always used to strike one, despite some silly extravagances, as the least unpleasing of Strauss' more pretentious efforts. It sounded, as a matter of fact, incredibly turgid and bombastic; the performance, however, did it less than justice as Sir Henry Wood, evidently determined to risk nothing in the shape of disaster, maintained a consistently stiff and unrelenting beat which certainly kept the players together, but hardly made for a spirited rendering. It was like hearing Mr. Damrosch again.

Mr. Montague Phillips' new Piano Concerto, introduced at the Thursday Concert, would have been jam to the critics who have recently been trying to explain to us what they mean by a *cliché* in music. It kept reminding us of the man who was asked to define an elephant, and said that he could not, but that he knew one when he saw one. Mr. Phillips' Concerto, if it did nothing else, convinced us that we know a *cliché* when we hear it. The Concerto from beginning to end has an unmistakeably mercantile flavour, from the mock-heroic opening to the imitation folk-song in the finale, but it is so ingenious that you cannot feel so righteously indignant about it as you would have liked to do. When you see some three feet of neatly-creased trouser protruding from under the smock, you can hardly suspect any deep and dark deception, though you may wonder why Mr. Phillips should have troubled to put a smock on at all.

R. O. M.

JUGOSLAV POPULAR SONGS (WITH SLAVONIC, FRENCH AND ENGLISH TEXTS). By K. P. Manovlovitch. (C. P. Manovlovitch, 63, Billiter Buildings, E.C. 3, 10s. 6d. net.)—There are some exceedingly fine tunes in this volume, but we must register an emphatic protest against their settings. The author of them has in almost every case ignored the nature of the scale or mode in which the tunes were written, with most disastrous results. In no. 43, for instance (the last in the book), the final is G and the scale series is that of the so-called Phrygian mode, but with a sharpened third. Yet the setting ends with a pianoforte epilogue in the diatonic key of F minor, with plenty of dominant minor ninths and similar abominations. This instance is typical, yet in the introduction we are informed that in the case of songs taken from collections, the right of revising the harmony was reserved, and that such revisions "were suggested by the structure of the melody"! *Quis custodiet ipsos?*

BEFORE his departure for Australia the Prince of Wales intimated his willingness to support the project for a memorial to Sir Hubert Parry, and forwarded a donation in aid of the memorial. The donations received vary from £105 to 5s.; and in order to allow time for answers to the appeal to arrive from the Dominions the list will be kept open for a while longer. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Norah Dawnay, 29, Oxford Square, W.2.

## Drama

### THE WANDERING JEW

NEW THEATRE.—"The Wandering Jew." By E. Temple Thurston.

AS Christ was bearing His Cross up the hill of Calvary a Jew from among the crowd stepped forward to spit in His face. "Pass on," said the Redeemer, and the wretched victim passed on through the ages cursed with eternal life upon earth. That is the vile legend of the Wandering Jew. Its precise origin we do not know, but it might have sprung up at any moment since Christ left the earth, showing luridly, as it does, how the instincts that frame the natural religions of mankind fight against the teaching of Christ. Indeed the legend of the Wandering Jew is perhaps no more at bottom than an allegory of the treatment given to the Jewish people by the Christian Church in the hour of its domination. It is practically impossible for men to believe that Christ uttered no curses. The "Father, forgive them" is as incredible to-day as it has been for nineteen centuries.

Mr. Temple Thurston, to his credit be it said, entirely overthrows this legend by building on it a poetic drama that enforces exactly the moral it denies. "The curse begins," or words to that effect, says Matathias, the Jew at the end of the first Act, which passes in Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion. But what he has to learn in his wanderings through the centuries is the futility of curses. He is to travel, in this version of the tale, till Christ comes to him again, comes in his soul that is, not on clouds of menace. The venom is thus drawn out of the legend, and we doubt whether, after that it is any longer a particularly suitable starting-point for Mr. Thurston's play.

It is a play that can hardly be called first-class. The diction is flat throughout and the *longueurs* are numerous. We first see the wandering Matathias among the crusaders at Antioch. At this stage of his purgation he is trying to forget his fate is the intoxication of arms and love. He overthrows all the Christian champions in the lists and tempts the beautiful Joanne de Beaudricourt to visit him in his tent at night. This Act is decidedly the best, showing in the dialogue between Prince Boemond of Tarentum and his vassals something of the sacrilegious hypocrisy that swiftly poisoned the crusades. It is followed by a scene in thirteenth-century Sicily, where Matathias appears as a wealthy merchant whose wife renounces him to be baptized and enter a convent. He neither kills nor curses, but expresses his envy. The lesson is beginning to work. The last phase is in Seville and the Jew has become a benevolent doctor who is adored by Magdalens he has saved from shame, betrayed by a fellow-Jew whose child he has cured and offered up as a holocaust by the Inquisition after forgiving his accuser.

We were disappointed, we confess, by the handling of this climax, especially by the Inquisition scenes. It seems a wasted opportunity to bring the Inquisition in all its horrid pomp upon the stage and then to treat it no more philosophically than a penny Protestant history. As between Matathias and the Inquisition the Christ of the Wandering Jew fable must of course recognize his disciples in the latter. But what openings for psychological analysis are given to the dramatist in the characters of some of the canonized Inquisitors, men of admirable and heroic virtues who extirpated heretics with as serene an unconsciousness of guilt as a modern statesman enforcing a blockade against a friendly nation. What a pity Mr. Shaw has never been tempted to develop the theme! We are far from saying that, even if the case had been fairly argued, the speech Matathias delivers to his judges would not remain in substance a true indictment. But Mr.



Thurston's Inquisitors put up no argumentative fight at all. We do not even get anything as impressive as the bell, book and candle scene in Tom Taylor's "Joan of Arc." Yet we look to be scarified at any rate by the Inquisition.

Mr. Matheson Lang works through his long and tiring part with great technical ability and resource. He is an ideally endowed romantic actor, but in this piece, at any rate, he never catches flame and so imparts no flame to us. So far as the indignant hubbub caused by the management's laudable attempt to help late comers from disturbing the audience by plunging to their seats during the first Act allowed it to be heard, Miss Hutin Britton's dying Judith was excellently played. Miss Lillah McCarthy as the Crusading Princess had to look splendid and could not fail in that. Mr. W. F. Grant stood out by a sketch of a second Jewish merchant in the Sicilian scene. The production is lavish, but somehow never gives that sense of historical actuality which is gained not by scrupulous accuracy over a suit of armour but by the capacity for imagining the spirit of an epoch which Reinhardt always shows and which sometimes came out so strongly in Herbert Tree.

D. L. M.

## Correspondence

### BEYLE AND BYRON

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Being absent abroad, I only saw a few days ago Mr. Herbert Read's article on "Beyle and Byron," which appeared in your paper on August 13.

Mr. Read has evidently drawn his information as to the meeting of Beyle and Byron, from Stendhal's "Racine et Shakespeare" (Paris, Calmann Lévy, pp. 261-285). It may be of interest to compare Mr. Read's account with that given by Stendhal, which he does not trouble to acknowledge, doubtless because he takes for granted that your readers know the original.

Stendhal.

Comme nous avions déjà quelque expérience du caractère anglais, qui fuit le recherche, nous nous gardâmes bien de parler à lord Byron et même de le regarder.—P. 266.

Par la suite nous crûmes deviner que lord Byron était à la fois enthousiaste et jaloux de Napoléon Bonaparte. Il disait : *Nous sommes les seuls, lui et moi, qui signions N. B. (Noël Byron).*—*Ibid.*

Le lendemain lord Byron était détrompé; il me fit l'honneur de me parler de la Russie. J'adorais Napoléon; je lui répondis comme à un membre de cette Chambre législative qui venait de jeter ce grand homme au bourreau de Sainte-Hélène.—*Ibid.*

Ma fidélité à tenir le serment d'être glaciale explique les bontés marquées qu'au bout de peu de jours lord Byron eût pour moi. . . . Le lendemain il me prit sous le bras, et nous nous promenâmes pendant une heure dans les immenses et solitaires foyers du théâtre de la Scala.—P. 267.

Quand la fatuité de naissance ou de beauté n'était pas de service auprès de lord Byron il devenait tout à coup grand poète et homme de sens. Jamais il ne faisait la phrase comme Madame de Staël. . . .—P. 270.

Mr. Read.

Into this society Byron . . . was received with a warmth he could not return.

It was soon known that the English poet professed an affected admiration for Napoleon: "We are the only two, he and I, who sign ourselves N. B. (Noël Byron)."

By the following evening Byron had discovered his mistake. . . . Beyle received his advances with solemn frigidity, as being those of a member of the legislature which had condemned Napoleon to St. Helena.

Before long they were strolling, arm in arm, up and down the spacious and sombre foyers of the Scala. . . . [Beyle's] frigidity had been transmuted to a generous warmth.

But that warmth was never intense enough to dissipate one impression: the pitiful sight of Byron entering Count Porro's[?] salon, and, dandified to the last perfection, crossing the open floor agonized in an effort to hide his twisted foot.

Un jour qu'on le chantait [The sestet of the opera "Elena," by Mayer] mieux encore qu'à l'ordinaire, les yeux de lord Byron me frappèrent; je n'ai jamais rien vu d'aussi beau. . . . Je fis vœu de ne jamais contrister une âme aussi belle. . . .—P. 279.

Nous l'avions mené voir au clair de lune les aiguilles de marbre blanc du dôme de Milan.—P. 282.

Quant à Racine ["Le Roman-tique" is speaking], je suis bien aise que vous ayez nommé ce grand homme. L'on a fait de son nom une injure pour nous; mais sa gloire est impérissable. Ce sera toujours l'un des plus grands génies qui aient été livrés à l'étonnement et à l'admiration des hommes.—R. et S., p. 17.

I venture to believe that the comparison of the two accounts given above will sufficiently reveal their discrepancies—unjustifiable on the part of Mr. Read—and their similarities, which are no less striking, and will also show to what an extent Mr. Read has erred in his reconstruction of this episode and of the character of Henri Beyle. I would also suggest that Mr. Read should study the "Correspondance de Stendhal" (Paris, Bosse, 3 vols.), vol. ii. pp. 70, 342, 501, for further, slightly different, and, possibly, more accurate accounts of Stendhal's meeting with Byron and the Scott controversy.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ARUNDELL DEL RE.

Oxford,

September 1, 1920.

### AN HISTORIC EPITAPH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—At a time when memorials to the fallen are in men's thoughts, the subjoined historic epitaph, cut on an ancient stone in the British Museum, may be of interest to your readers. The translation is my own, and, though I feel it is unworthy of the original, I trust its deficiencies may be pardoned in view of the great difficulty of the task.

The epitaph is to the memory of Athenians slain at Potidæa, near Salonica, B.C. 432. The incident, it will be remembered, was connected with the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War. The last eight lines are preserved almost entire, and, with a few missing syllables restored by the Museum authorities (see the official "Guide to the Select Greek and Latin Inscriptions exhibited in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities," 1917, p. 13), they run as follows (the archaic orthography is retained):

Αἰθ'ρ μὲν φυχὰς ὑπέδεχσατο σώματα δὲ χθὼν  
τῶνδε Ποτειδαῖας ὁ ἀμφὶ πύλας ἔλυθεν.  
ἔχθρων δ' οἱ μὲν ἔχουσι τάφου μέρος, οἱ δὲ φυγόντες  
τείχος πιστοτάτην ἐλπίδ' ἔθεντο βίου.

Ἄνδρας μὲν πόλιν ἦδε ποθεῖ καὶ δῆμος Ἐρεχθίδος,  
πρόσθε Ποτειδαῖας οἱ θάνον ἐμ' προμάχους,  
παῖδες Ἀθηναίων, φυχὰς δ' ἀντίρροπα θέντες  
ἠλλάχσαντ' ἀρετὴν καὶ πατρίδ' εὐκλείαν.

The following lines are offered as a free translation:

Heaven hath their souls: in earth their bodies lie,  
Who by the Potidæan gates did fall.  
Some of the foe lie stark: some, quick to fly,  
Found coward safety 'neath the sheltering wall.

Erechtheus' Town and People mourn indeed  
Their vanished sons, in foremost battle slain  
At Potidæa's gate—true Attic breed,  
Who in the balance laid their lives, to gain  
Unto themselves the steadfast warrior's crown—  
Unto our fatherland a fresh renown.

Yours faithfully,  
CECIL W. C. HALLETT.

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**OUIDA AND BURY ST. EDMUNDS**

*To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.*

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of August 20 you say that Ouida's father taught French in Bury St. Edmunds. In days when I was not yet (I was 83 January 4, last) above walking out with my sisters and the governess, Ouida was sometimes a walking companion. Her mother was connected with the clergyman who was the grandson of Mr. Blomfield (father of C. J. B., the Bishop of London) and inherited, or anyhow, carried on "Blomfield's Preparatory School"; but her father was commonly supposed to have a gambling "hell or hells"—to use the Puritan language of those days—in Paris. He visited his home in England only spasmodically. I think the notion of his teaching may somehow have been evolved from the above connection.

Yours truly,  
(Rev) J. DENNY GEDGE.

P.S.—I may add that Mr. Crabb Robinson—my father's friend—was so good as to leave me his personal Greek Testament and a presentation before-letter-proof copy of Wordsworth's *Greece*. These I have by me still. You might have remembered Wm. Bodham Donne's connection with Bury. Beside Chas. and Ed. Blomfield, Bury School had Spedding, Baron Alderson and a host of litterati and illuminati in Markly's time. Donaldson's lots—*quorum egomet fui*—were mostly disappointments—Dead Sea fruit.—J. D. G.

P.P.S.—I can see Cockton on his cob now. He leased the Cricket field.

The Rectory, Gravesend,  
September 13, 1920.

**ESOTERICISM AND "ART"**

*To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.*

SIR,—M. de Bernis modestly admits that he "knows very little of pictures." The confession is superfluous because, had he known much, he would have known that history and hagiography have nothing to do with the merits of a work of visual art. In matters of literature, however, he feels on surer ground, and ventures to take me up for calling Ibsen Tchekov's master. He can see no reason for supposing that "Rosmersholm" shows more mastery than "The Cherry Orchard." Neither can I. What is more, I consider "The Cherry Orchard" a greater work of art than "Rosmersholm." But if M. de Bernis is to maintain that reputation for literary connoisseurship which, I make no doubt, he enjoys at Southampton, he must know that by calling one artist the master of another no judgment of merit is implied. Raphael is a greater artist—a greater master—than Perugino. Nevertheless, Perugino was the master of Raphael. Scraps of information, such as this, though of no great value, often come handy to those who make a habit of writing to the papers—a class to which THE ATHENÆUM would seem to appeal.

Yours faithfully,  
CLIVE BELL.

**"THE CROWDED TEMPLE"**

*To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.*

SIR,—I always welcome fair and honest criticism of my books, whether it be favourable or unfavourable, but I must protest most strongly against the implications contained in the review of my latest novel, "The Crowded Temple," which appears in the current number of your paper.

I emphatically deny that there is anything in the book to justify your reviewer's revolting statement that I suggest "that other feelings than those of a parent are present in the father's attitude towards the girl."

In "The Crowded Temple" I attempt to depict the meeting and growing affection between two particularly sensitive and delicate-minded people, who, though father and daughter, are practically strangers to one another. There is not the faintest suggestion of any feeling other than a perfectly legitimate parental one on the part of Sandys Lovel, and the sentence quoted by your reviewer (without any reference to its context) refers to a purely psychological and not a physical attitude, as must be patent to any clean-minded reader of the book.

The "unpleasant implications" which, in your reviewer's opinion, reveal how little able I am to tackle what he

euphemistically calls "the grimmer subject," emanate entirely from his own brain. They certainly never had any genesis in mine, for I consider his "grimmer subject" a theme utterly unfit for any decent-minded person—man or woman—either to write or read about.

In fairness to whatever literary reputation I possess, I must ask you to publish this letter.

I remain,  
Yours faithfully,  
RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA.

Cloonagh, New Milton, Hants,  
September 5, 1920.

**THE ART OF THE THEATRE**

*To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.*

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Gordon Craig's letter in your issue of August 27. Mr. Craig alleges that, in my comments on his exhibition at Dorien Leigh's Gallery last June (ATHENÆUM, June 25, p. 840) I made four careless misstatements when I said:

- (a) That Mr. Craig is apparently unable to visualize in three dimensions,
- (b) That he is obsessed with the heroic.
- (c) That he dreams of a vast theatre to seat many thousands of people, with actors of heroic mould and an audience of many thousands murmuring "How beautiful" in harmoniously modulated tones.
- (d) That no one would go to Mr. Craig's ideal theatre who could go instead to something more intimate and individualised.

With your permission, Sir, I should like to reply *seriatim* to Mr. Craig's allegations.

Taking (a) and (b) together, I can assure Mr. Craig that the words were not written carelessly. I have been interested in his work for years, and I have seen, I believe, the major part of the published or exhibited "many hundreds of designs for scenes with figures in them" to which he refers in his letter. After studying these drawings I have always felt that they failed almost invariably—just as I felt that the exhibits at Dorien Leigh's Gallery failed—for the reasons which I gave in my article. My comments were therefore not careless misstatements, but accurate and carefully expressed statements of critical opinions, based on study of the subject. I cannot undertake to give Mr. Craig more than this in a critical article, and I should be ashamed to give you, Sir, and your readers anything less.

In regard to (c) I think my case is proved by the following quotation from Mr. Gordon Craig's "The Art of the Theatre" (p. 14):

I see a great building to seat many thousands of people. At one end rises a platform of heroic size on which figures of a heroic mould shall move. Scenes shall be such as the world shows us not as our particular little street shows us. The movements on these scenes shall be noble and great: all shall be illumined by a light such as the spheres give us, not such as the footlights give us, nothing shall be the result of chance, neither shall people have cause to exclaim "How clever!" but only "How beautiful!"

This passage exposes, I think, Mr. Craig's protest, "I dream of no such thing," as something very like to a careless misstatement—of fact this time (if he meant what he wrote in his book), not of opinion—and it reinforces, incidentally, my complaint expressed in (b). "The Art of the Theatre" is admittedly an early book (my copy is dated 1905), but I can find nothing in Mr. Craig's later writing which contradicts the passage quoted.

As for (d), my words do not represent a statement of any kind; they embody a speculation which cannot be disproved by reference to "The Miracle" because

- (1) "The Miracle" was not a popular "draw" until advertised by a religious controversy, and
- (2) It was produced by Max Reinhardt, and not by Mr. Gordon Craig—which makes a good deal of difference.

Yours faithfully,  
Chelsea, September, 1920. R. H. W.

THE Royal Choral Society announce performances at the Albert Hall of "Elijah" (Oct. 30), "Judas Maccabæus" (Nov. 27), "Carols" (Dec. 18), "Messiah" (Jan. 1 and March 25), "Samson and Delilah" (Feb. 5), "The Dream of Gerontius" (March 5), and lastly, "Hiawatha" (April 23).

## Foreign Literature

### STENDHAL

ROME, NAPLES ET FLORENCE. 2 vols. Œuvres Complètes de Stendhal. (Paris, Champion.)

LA JEUNESSE DE STENDHAL. Par Paul Arbelet. Appendice aux Œuvres Complètes. (Paris, Champion.)

NO one has better described the impression made by Stendhal than Goethe, who wrote in 1818: "Er zieht an, er stösst ab, interessiert und argert, und so kann man ihn nicht loswerden." ("He attracts, repels, interests, irritates, and one can't get away from him.") That was written after reading "Rome, Naples et Florence" which M. Champion has lately republished in his superb edition of the complete works, and the description fits the particular book perhaps a little more exactly than any of the others. It so obviously ought to be a dull work, and it so obviously is not. It has neither system nor shape; it is concerned with a society that has passed out of mind; it is studded with the irrelevant, tangential speculations of a perpetually curious mind, with odd facts of history, with long and enthusiastic appreciations of forgotten Italian operas and singers. Yet we are held. Stendhal's facts are not like anybody else's facts. They are like objects looked at from a peculiar and unexpected angle. We only half recognize them. The proportions are queer. At first they are almost silly, then they become bizarre, then fascinating, and then—at least for a period in most literary lives—all-absorbing.

Stendhal was a man of many surfaces. There are bold men who call themselves *stendhaliens* and profess to be adept in *le beylisme*; but they are not to be trusted. It is true that Stendhal had an attitude to life, a philosophy of conduct, that might be imitated. But the man who actively followed Beyle's precepts would, by the mere fact, be very different from Beyle. For this seeming *rusé* realist was the embodiment of timidity; this amateur of the *amour-passion* was one of the most backward love-makers who ever existed. In M. Arbelet's most admirable biography, "La Jeunesse de Stendhal," which is published as part (and a worthy part) of the collected edition, you may read of the comedy or the tragedy of young Beyle's initiation into love at Milan. It is an unfamiliar but characteristic episode in the man's life, which was stained through and through as it were with a dye of some paradoxical uniqueness. One feels that he was born in a momentary interregnum of the *Zeitgeist*, just as in the actual world he happened to be educated in one of those strange schools which were the immediate product of the Revolution, where masters and pupils alike were fired by a passion for *la Raison*—schools which lasted barely three years, just long enough to give a unique impress to the one boy with a touch of genius who might, on merely statistical grounds, be expected to be born in the period.

If one were writing the book upon Beyle which has still to be written—it will be the work of an English critic, for no Frenchman could have sufficient detachment, or even sufficient understanding—one would begin by showing how a cornucopia of uniquenesses was made ready to be emptied upon the head of the infant Henri Beyle. M. Arbelet has gathered most of the material for a study of his astonishing parents and relations, those bourgeois aristocrats (like the Rênals of "Le Rouge et le Noir") who were so much more exclusive even than the *grands bourgeois* of modern France. When one comes to know them a little more closely, to see them a little more clearly, than is possible through the melodramatic kaleidoscope of "La Vie de Henri Brulard," one comes to look upon Beyle as a kind of infant Samuel dedicated to one knows not what deity of contrariety and paradox. One feels, rather than

understands, the reason of the inevitability which imposes itself upon anyone who attempts even in the scope of a brief essay to define the substance of Beyle, the man and the writer. Every comparison is turned ineluctably into paradox. The outward garment of his style suggests the influence of Voltaire; in fact, Beyle hated Voltaire, and the real influence was much rather Jean-Jacques. His whole manner is that of an aristocrat of aristocrats; he was, in fact, and most profoundly, a republican, a libertarian and a radical. Most sincerely in the literary controversy of his age Beyle insisted that he was a Romantic; in fact, he detested Châteaubriand, and he was pretty exactly what we call a Realist. His lucid and exact psychological analysis recalls no-one in the French tradition so directly as Racine; in fact, Beyle could not abide Racine, and most honestly and for the most substantial reasons idolized Shakespeare. "Adorava Shakespeare" was the alternative epitaph to the one which he finally chose: "Arrigo Beyle Milanese: visse, scrisse, amo." The art of Shakespeare and the life of Italy—between Rivoli and the Risorgimento, be it understood—may fairly be said to have been the two passions whose rule over him endured throughout his life.

Beyle is, perhaps, the smallest of great men; but he is also one of the most compact, and his title to be called great is proved not least by the wholly peculiar persistence with which he seems to avoid all classification. He makes a queer final impression—how delighted he would have been to read it!—as of a miniature, desiccated Shakespeare, and, indeed, one can easily conceive a definition of him in terms which in a richer, riper world of perceptions would apply to Shakespeare. His universe of men was also blank between the aristocrat and the peasant, and it may be for the same reason. He confesses that because he was a bourgeois, the bourgeois had become as intolerable to him as the taste of oysters to a man who has had a surfeit of them; he had supped too full of the horrors of the bourgeoisie in childhood ever to contemplate them again. The middle-class were ciphers in his system of values, and even an ideal member of it remained a cipher, just as zero, raised to the *n*<sup>th</sup> power, remains zero. "Ce qui est exactement raisonnable ne donne pas prise aux beaux arts; j'estime un sage républicain des Etats-Unis, mais je l'oublie à tout jamais en quelques jours: ce n'est pas un homme pour moi, c'est une chose." Therefore, although he was by impulse a realist, he was nevertheless a romantic because he had a theory of reality. Not all that existed in the shape of human beings was real to him. This anti-bourgeois speck in his telescope, he wrote in "Henri Brulard," had been very useful to him with the characters of his novels. It was true; but the word "bourgeois" had by that time come to denote for him not so much a social class, as a type of being. The reality of a man lay in his faculty of allowing all that is prudential and calculating in him to be dominated by what is instinctive and passionate.

That is a fairly complete and coherent attitude towards life; it certainly has its counterpart in Shakespeare; it is, moreover, what we might call a very good working basis for a literary artist. But it does not in the least resemble that enlightened hedonism which the "beylists" profess to find in their idol. Beyle, indeed, makes a poor showing as a hedonist. The overwhelming impulses of soul which he set highest, and counted most real among human capacities, the precious *élans d'âme*, were likely to prove annihilating to their vehicles. Indeed, they not only annihilated his heroes and heroines, Fabrice, Julian Sorel, Mademoiselle de la Môle, Clélia and the rest, but they came near to being his own undoing at one or two points of his own career. To be interesting to Beyle people must be ready to surrender their lives at the sum-



mons of a *grande passion*; to be interesting to himself he had to believe that the same readiness lay in him. It is therefore inexact to call him a romantic, even though he called himself one. Your true romantic is ready to surrender himself only to dreams; his *élan d'âme* has no repercussion in the visible world. The real world is altogether too sordid, and perhaps too difficult a place for him to be concerned with it. His passions are veritably passive. It was, however, the essence of Stendhal's conception of passion that it should issue, and issue immediately in act. Whether the act seemed grandiose or ridiculous, momentous or merely bizarre, was of small account; it was precisely indifferent. He prefaces almost everyone of his stories of *la vie passionnelle* in "Rome, Naples et Florence" with the warning that it will seem ridiculous, but the implication behind the warning is that if you find it ridiculous, you are a poor creature. The faculty which he admired in men had two complementary aspects. Looked at from the inside it was passion, the *élan d'âme*; from the outside it was energy, *la force*. This is the meaning of his paradox: "J'aime la force, et de la force que j'aime, une fourmi peut en montrer autant qu'un éléphant."

Stendhal's attitude to life was not romantic, therefore; it was tragic. It falls in between the classical and the romantic attitudes. His ideal is neither the harmonious man of the Greeks (*εὐκλείης*) nor the gesticulating, dreaming hero of romanticism; it is, really, the hero of a Shakespearean tragedy, a hero who plays his part in the active life of a real world. In order to give literary expression to this tragic hero-worship, Stendhal had to become what is generally called a realist. But just as the term "romantic" has to be given an unfamiliar and improper meaning to fit him, "realist" has also to be given a precise and particular sense. Realist in the proper critical meaning he was not. A good deal more than half human life was supremely uninteresting to him. But the part he was interested in had a sort of super-reality to compensate. The problem was how to convey and communicate this, how (in the expressive phrase of the working artist) "to get it across." An unobtrusive sentence in "Rome, Naples et Florence"—we are endeavouring to explain Stendhal on the evidence of this single book—gives us his solution. "On n'a jamais du feu," he writes, "qu'en écrivant la langue qu'on parle à sa maîtresse et à ses rivaux."

Now there is more in Stendhal's style than is indicated here; but that dictum contains the solid basis of his most remarkable achievements—passionate episodes expressed in the natural language of passion. On the creative side one can think immediately of a dozen passages in the two great novels where the theory is superbly exemplified—for instance, the "Qu'avez-vous dans la poche de côté de votre habit?" of Mathilde de la Mole—on the critical, it is a main count in his—surely convincing—case against Scott. "Ses personnages passionnés semblent avoir honte d'eux-mêmes"; therefore they are unreal. This principle is the chief of the two tendencies that unite to form Stendhal's "realism." From his childhood upwards he was, in regard to literature, a dissatisfied rather than a disillusioned romantic. M. Arbelet has unearthed a singularly interesting passage from one of his unpublished notes which bears upon this. It was written before he was twenty.

Dans les romans on ne nous offre qu'une nature choisie; nous nous formons nos types de bonheur d'après les romans. Parvenus à l'âge où nous devons être heureux . . . nous nous étonnons de deux choses: la première, de ne pas éprouver du tout les sentiments auxquels nous attendions; la deuxième, si nous les éprouvons, de ne pas les sentir comme ils sont peints dans les romans.

Two years later he re-read his note, and added: "Voilà l'histoire de ma vie; mon roman était les ouvrages de

Rousseau." Stendhal himself was destined to offer to future generations a *nature choisie*, more sedulously selected, perhaps, than that of any other considerable novelist. It was not the ignoring of half reality that shocked him, but being unreal in the expression of the reality you chose. Because he was consistently and profoundly a "romantic," he hated with a threefold hatred romantic falseness and pomposity; because he really had a tragic attitude to life, the high falutin' of French classical tragedy goaded him to a frenzy. It was making his heart-felt realities ridiculous. From this he directly derived his detestation of the phrase and the circumlocution, which remained with him all his life, and his at first sight strange desire, which lasted to middle age, to write a good comedy. An instinct told him that the drama was the most perfect vehicle for his tragic view of life; another instinct told him that a genre in which you had to write *coursier* for *cheval* and the precious word *pistolet* was taboo, was intolerable. To get natural speech on to the stage, he must write comedy. It may seem a fantastic conclusion; fantastic it must seem if you have read the outline of any of his projected "comedies"—irrefutable evidence that he had not a shred of a sense of humour—but yet inevitable.

The other component of his style, a bare and vigorous clarity of analytical exposition, came from two sources. He was, as we have said, a devout believer in the tragic attitude. Tragic heroes were real people; he had met plenty of them in the Italian society he loved. He wanted to prove that they existed, to take them to pieces as it were, in the intervals when they were not expressing *élans d'âme* in the natural language of passion. Here the ideologists who had been triumphant in the French educational system for the three brief and impressionable years he spent at the Ecole Centrale at Grenoble lent him powerful aid. Those forgotten psychologists, Destutt de Tracy and Condillac, whose names recur so often in his pages were indeed his masters of method here. Hence came the passion for *la lo-gique* that with his curious drawl he so often impressed upon Mérimée, and his recourse to the Code Napoléon as a model of descriptive style. His education and the demands of his theory of life and art worked together for good. His heroes, being heroes of action, were saved from perishing in a maze of super-subtle psychology; since their supreme moments had to be expressed in the natural language of passion, they were also saved (with all due deference to weighty, but nevertheless heretic opinion) from being desiccated.

Stendhal, in brief, was a tragic realist. Tragic realism is, on the whole, an unusual kind; but some of the greatest works of literary art belong to it, the "Medea" and "Antony and Cleopatra," "Anna Karenina" and "Jude the Obscure." Stendhal differs from the writers called up by these names in that that he held his faith a perceptible shade more naively than they. It was for him not merely the attitude of an artist towards life, not merely a philosophy which enabled the artist to express his vision of the truth and quality of life, it was also, and perhaps chiefly a philosophy of conduct. Tragic heroes did not merely exist; it was man's duty to be one. The first thing was to be *une âme supérieure* (his beloved phrase), the second to assert it in act, the third—and a bad third—was to write about it. And here is the reason why, although there is no real incongruity in naming Stendhal with Euripides and Shakespeare and Tolstoy and Hardy, a vital difference remains. To a casual glance it presents itself as a constant amateurishness in Stendhal the artist. We must look deeper than that, however; and, looking deeper, we shall discover it to be a profound naïveté. What satisfied only a part of the great artist's mind satisfied the whole of his: in other words, Stendhal was less a creator of heroes, than a hero-worshipper.

J. M. MURRY;

## CROCE AT BAY

GIOVANNI PASCOLI: STUDIO CRITICO. By Benedetto Croce.  
(Bari, Laterza. 6.50 lire.)

WHEN Croce sat down to dip into Pascoli once more, in a chastened mood after the war, willing, even eager to do penance in sackcloth and ashes, the result could only be a foregone conclusion. Antipathies so strong as his are not likely to lose their force with time. But the new essays lack something of the calm, judicial reasonableness of the first paper, which raised such a violent tempest against its author. Clearly it is with Pascoli's admirers and his own critics that Croce is here concerned rather than with the poet. It passes his belief to understand how they can have failed to realize the error of their ways, and he is at no pains to conceal the fact. One can almost see him pitching the volume of Pascoli across the room.

For one thing is certain. There is something in Pascoli that appeals to the great body of his countrymen, especially to-day, in a way in which Carducci, for instance, never did. It is useless for Croce to point out the defects of his art. "Genius and artifice, spontaneity and affectation, sincerity and grimace are found together in the same compositions, the same strophe, at times even in a single verse. The evil attacks the lyric at the roots and in its innermost fibre, in the metre, so that in very many of Pascoli's poems the movement of the metre is, as it were, detached from the inspiration."

And it was this fatal divorce between rhythm and metre that struck him the moment he turned to Pascoli again—this artistic locomotor ataxia, as he calls it. This looseness and irregularity go far to explain the rise of Futurism, of which Croce considers Pascoli to have been a notorious precursor.

Possibly it is almost as much the consciousness of Pascoli's defects as the appeal that he made to them personally which explains the bitterness of the attacks provoked by Croce's honestly inspired criticisms; and, needless to say, these later papers have not acted as a salve to the wound. "The whole host of the Pascoliani has for some weeks been giving proof of the gentle feelings which such ideas breed in the mind, and they display them in the soothing, Franciscan words they address to Sister Criticism." We often call ourselves a sentimental race, but there is a strong vein of sentimentality in the average Italian, which we find highly developed in Silvio Pellico for instance; and, according to Croce, it is this unhealthy element in timid souls, especially among the priests, which is comforted by Pascoli's gospel of pity and charity and resignation. Manzoni turned it into great art, but Pascoli lacked the alchemy of true genius.

And it is more than Croce's patience can endure to find that really intelligent readers are attracted by Pascoli's gospel instead of being repelled by his artistic defects. For it must be admitted that the general consensus of critical opinion in Italy, both educated and uneducated, has ranged itself beside the poet against the philosopher. Croce's brethren in literature even shake their heads sadly over his insensibility, as witness the recent symposium on the subject in *La Ronda*. Yet one of the contributors shows clearly how shallow are many of the arguments for the defence. We find Renato Serra, for instance, maintaining that Pascoli's poetry consists of something that is outside literature, outside the verses taken singly; "it is of things, it is in the very heart of things," though Serra himself had elsewhere exclaimed that nothing can be more "vague, clumsy, inconclusive, rhetorical than things" in the world of aesthetics.

Obviously, however, Serra is implying that Pascoli's strength lies in those admirable little *genre* pictures of country life which abound in the early "Myrice," and

the merits of which Croce himself gladly recognizes and appreciates up to a point. But he refuses to regard them as anything more than detached thoughts, sketches—the material for a work of art rather than the work of art itself. It is these that rise to one's mind when one thinks of Pascoli, rather than the later poems, in which the outline is often blurred and laboured. "He likes things and he likes the world, but little things and a little world," says Croce. "He does not shirk duty, but he asks for simple duties, definite and regular, untroubled by great storms." Surely his best work has enough of the true stuff of poetry in it to make it more suitable for use in schools than the verses of Parzanese which Croce learned as a child, and which he would prefer to see holding the field there. But doubtless he is afraid that the selections will be made on other than artistic lines. L. C.-M.

## The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

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**Mackenzie (William).** Gli Animali "Pensanti" e l'Ipotesi dell'Automatismo Concomitante. Estratto dai "Quaderni di Psichiatria." 9½x8½. 30 pp. il. Genoa, the Author, Piazza della Meridiana.

## RELIGION.

**Prayers for my Son.** Intercessions for the use of Parents on behalf of their sons at School. By a Public Schoolmaster. Preface by the Bishop of London. 7x4½. 74 pp. Wells Gardner, 2/6 n.

## SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

**Field (G. C.).** Guild Socialism: a Critical Examination. 7½x5. 172 pp. Wells Gardner, 5/ n.

**Hutton (W. H.).** British Rule in India. 8½x5½. 31 pp. National Home Reading Union, 1/ n.

**Stocks (J. L.).** The Voice of the People: an Essay on Representative Democracy. 7½x5. 175 pp. Wells Gardner, 5/ n.

## PHILOLOGY.

**Studia Semitica et Orientalia.** By Seven Members of Glasgow University Oriental Society (Glasgow University Oriental Society). 9½x6. 127 pp. pors. Glasgow, MacLehose Jackson, 7/6 n.

## NATURAL SCIENCE.

**Cockerell (T. D. A.).** Zoology: a Text-book for Colleges and Universities (New World Science Series). 8½x5½. 570 pp. il. Harrap, 10/6 n.

**MacMahon (Major P. A.).** An Introduction to Combinatory Analysis. 8½x5½. 71 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/6 n.

**Harrow (Benjamin).** From Newton to Einstein. 6½x4½. 105 pp. Constable, 2/6 n.

## USEFUL ARTS.

**Bell (Ernest).** In a Nutshell: cons and pros of the Meatless Diet. 7½x5½. 50 pp. Bell, 1/ n.

**Soskin (Dr. S. E.).** Small Holding and Irrigation: the New Form of Settlement in Palestine. 8½x5½. 63 pp. diags. Allen & Unwin, 2/ n.

## MUSIC.

**\*Forkel (Johann Nikolaus)** Johann Sebastian Bach: his Life, Art and Work. Translated from the German, with Notes and Appendices by Charles Sanford Terry. 9x6. 353 pp. por. Constable, 21/ n.

## GAMES AND SPORTS.

**\*Senior (William).** Lines in Pleasant Places: being the Aftermath of an Old Angler. 7½x5. 276 pp. Simpkin & Marshall, 10/6 n.

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**Crump (M. Marjorie).** The Growth of the Æneid. A Study of the Stages of Composition as revealed by the Evidences of Incompletion. 7½x5½. 132 pp. Blackwell, 6/ n.

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